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KISSINGEN.—MINERAL WATERS. —

Kissengen is situated in the picturesque and beautiful valley of the Saalgrund, one day distant by Post, or one and a half days by Voiture, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Steam-boats convey travellers by the Maine from Mayence or Frankfort to Lohr, where carriages are always to be found for Kissingen. His Majesty the King of Bavaria, assisted by the inhabitants, has made such great improvements in Kissingen since last season as cannot fail materially to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of the visitors. The drives about Kissingen are numerous; the walks over the hills and through the forests are as varied as they are beautiful; there is good shooting during the season, and two excellent trout streams at the distance of six English miles. As to the salubrity of its climate, Kissingen is one of the few spots in Germany where fogs are almost unknown. The efficacy of the waters is clearly proved, as well by the vast and every year increasing number of invalids who visit and receive benefit from them, as by the fact that those who are interested in recommending other mineral waters boast of their resembling those of Kissingen. It is, however, but a boast, as no mineral waters have yet been discovered which contain so many valuable properties in such a good proportion as those of Kissingen. BOLZANO Brothers, Lessees and Sole Agents of the Royal Mineral Springs of Kissingen, respectfully inform the nobility and gentry that their vast establishment, the ROYAL KURHAUS, continues to afford every possible comfort and accommodation. English is in a great measure the language of the house. Invalids and Ladies will there find all the care, attention, and, if desired, the privacy of a home. English dinners are served at all hours, and a liberal and elegant Table d'Hôte at one o'clock.



Charles Manson

JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR IN GERMANY,

THROUGH

THE TYROL, SALZKAMMERGUT, THE

DANUBE, HUNGARY, &c. &c. &c.

DURING

THE MONTHS OF AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, AND OCTOBER,

MDCCCXXXIX.

"If any of our neighbour nations should think their own the richest, the pleasantest, the fruitfulest country in the world, I should by no means think it fit to dispute it with them."—*Vide* PREFACE TO STALLINGFLEET'S *ORIGINES BRITANNICÆ*, page v.

NOT PUBLISHED.

By Frederic John Lord Manson.

JOURNAL, &c.

Tuesday, Aug. 13. 1839.—Again upon the waters. We embarked in the “Royal George,” on a bright and calm morning, and two hours and fifty minutes landed us at Calais. The usual tribute to the ocean was omitted on this occasion both by my companion M—— and myself; which enabled us duly to relish the good things of Monsieur Dessin’s cuisine. Our late Turkish ambassador, Reschid Pacha, whose mission was transferred to Paris, embarked at the same time with us from Dover, bound for Bou-

logne, in the "Water Witch." We start for Belgium and the Tyrol to-morrow.

Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1839.—We left Calais on a bright sunny morning at seven. The crops on each side of the long and dreary road to St. Omer look clean and promising, in spite of the very imperfect cultivation to which they are subjected; making one wish they were in the abler hands of some Yorkshire or Lincolnshire farmer, who would turn the natural advantages of the rich soil to greater profit.

Bowling past every cart, wagon, and lumbering diligence, on what would be considered in England the wrong side of the way, we approached Ardres, where the church, tower, and fortifications, rising out of a grove of poplars, gave some relief to the otherwise monotonous prospect. These poplars and alder trees are nourished by a large swamp or reedy piece of water, by whose banks wooden huts have been constructed, and on the surface of which float rafts laden with large stacks of fire-wood. Beyond St. Omer the road is less desolate

from being lined with very flourishing witch elms, and on rising the hill of Cas-sel a luxuriant panoramic prospect of vast extent stretches on every side with the white sand-hills, which bound the ocean in the northern distance. It would have been a miracle to have come even thus far without being assailed by a host of beggars, and we now found them posted as usual on the bases and summits of every ascent and descent, where the custom of the relay required the horse and his rider to walk. Your foreign beggar is a most hypocritical varlet. In England he tells you some piteous tale of his losses, the distance he has walked, and the long period of forcible abstinence which he has endured, while the ruddy child he drags after him asks you point blank to give him a halfpenny. In France, on the contrary, religion is the invariable plea, and you are supplicated in the name of the Virgin or St. Antony; while the chubby urchin, tumbling head over heels in the mud or sand beside your

carriage, concludes his somerset with “Charité, pour l’amour de Dieu!”

Not even the cheerfulness of the harvest could throw animation into the lifeless tract of country which lies from hence to Tournay. A spirit of listlessness seems to pervade the population. They cut the corn as if with a penknife, and, binding a few dozen stalks together, form them into little bundles, and lay them side by side to make an ordinary sized sheaf. Men, women, and children unite in this herculean labour, which drags its “slow length along,” where the unpartitioned fields never echoed to the joyous shout of an English harvest home. Rape is cultivated here to a great extent, and piled in small stacks, scattered over the plain in every direction. A few minutes sufficed to pass us through the custom-house, and in half an hour after we reached the old city of Tournay.

Thursday, Aug. 15, 1839.—The cathedral of Tournay is more remarkable for its actual age than its appearance. Two apses,

however, are curious, and have a good effect. The groining of the east end of the choir is very bad ; being so constructed as to intersect the lines of the pointed windows. It was founded by the emperor Childeric, whose tomb, however, is in the church of St. Brice, and which, on being opened by Napoleon, was found to contain his sceptre covered with golden bees,—a device which he thenceforth adopted as the Imperial insignia. It is said that the cannon used at the battle of Cressy were made here. The road from hence to Mons, whether by land or water, seems channelled through a coal mine : the mud or dust of the one being black and grimy, and the liquid filling the canal seeming to consist only of its washings. The Hôtel de Ville here is remarkable as a specimen of very pure and admirable gothic. We passed through the old town of Binche, once walled and fortified, but its defences are now altogether dismantled, and only seem to give a certain degree of picturesqueness to what is easily so distinguished in this dreary country. To-day

was the fête of the assumption of the Virgin. All the peasantry were dressed in their gala garbs; the black streets were strewn with flowers; and small altars, beautifully decorated, were placed at various intervals against the houses. At Charleroi we were delayed a few minutes for horses, and then proceeded towards Sombref. By way of a short cut, the postilion drove us across the country, over a rough sandy road, and when we reached the poste, the horses proved to have been ordered to meet us at Quatrebras. This lies upon the regular road which we ought to have followed, and we now had to proceed to it about two miles further. Here no horses were arrived, and we therefore had to await their return from Namur. This took place in about half an hour, and, after a twilight drive over a tedious and interminable road, we reached Namur.

Friday, Aug. 16, 1839.—The Meuse is crossed immediately on leaving Namur, and the way to Luxemburg rises over an acclivity, from which is a good view of the city

and its forts. The whole of the road we were now following cuts the country, as it were, against the grain; traversing, nearly at right angles, ridges of hills, and deep valleys, which run east and west. It has the appearance of a vast plain, here and there covered with large forests, chiefly of dwarf oak. There are few fine trees, as the oak is felled for charcoal as soon as it has attained sufficient size. We had intended to have reached Luxemburg, but the hilly nature of the road having prevented us from getting on as fast as we had hoped, and not knowing the hour at which the gates of the fortress were closed, we decided to stop at Arlon. This little town is said to contain five thousand inhabitants; but, from its squalid and miserable appearance, it does not seem to contain half the number. The inn, likewise, has no superfluous accommodations, though tolerably clean. We asked for some warm water, to wash the dust and dirt from our faces: after some time it was brought, one portion in a breakfast milk-jug, and the other in a cream-pot!

Our attention was shortly attracted by a confused sound in the street: it proceeded from the "swine general" and his troop, who came rushing, grunting, and shoving on, as detachments severed themselves from the mass, and took their ways to their respective homes.

Saturday, Aug. 17, 1839.—The fortress of Luxemburg is totally invisible from the Belgian approach, although the summits of two church towers give some indication of the proximity of a town. The place is entered by strong, but ordinary defences: nor whilst in the heart of the city is there any appearance of its extraordinary position. On passing, however, through an archway to the Trieves Gate, you come upon a drawbridge, the view from which causes a thrill of alarmed surprise. It is suspended over no ordinary fosse, but a deep chasm of several hundred feet. The town is seen in a succession of terraces, one over the other, climbing an escarped amphitheatre of rock, buttressed and guarded by long lines of fortification. At the bottom of the gorge

winds the stream of the Alzet, forced out of his course by a narrow promontory of rock, whose perpendicular sides are excavated for defences, and whose contracted summit is covered by a succession of forts, connected with drawbridges over the chasms which intersect it. The opposite heights of the ravine are crested with forts in every quarter from which the place might be commanded; while these triumphs of art are beautifully grouped with natural rock, trees, and underwood. The best general view of the place is from the approach on the Prussian side; but its extreme irregularity renders every part of it most picturesque, whether taken in detail or as a whole. After this inspection, we returned to the Hôtel de Cologne, where we had some luncheon served by a fat, good-natured landlady, whose face and form clearly proved her to be of no irritable disposition. We were fortunate in having arrived on a day appointed for a review of the artillery by Prince Augustus of Prussia, who came over from Trieves for the purpose. Although

the three Powers have confirmed the King of Holland as Grand Duke of Luxemburg, the fortress is under the protection of the Germanic Confederation, and is garrisoned by Prussian troops. Those selected for to-day's review were soldier-like looking men, and far superior to the Belgian military. The Prince and his staff passed us on their way to the ground, and the review ended very shortly, probably from the great heat, wind, and dust, which rendered it very unpleasant. Having satisfied our curiosity as far as our limited time would permit, we left Luxemburg, and continued our way over the same kind of country as yesterday, till we reached the banks of the Moselle at Grevenmachern. The scenery now becomes very pretty; and the low banks of the river are covered with vines. The Prussian custom-house, which is situated about a third of the way in this stage, was unusually vexatious. They searched everything on the carriage, in a pouring rain, which detained us above half an hour. We stopped a few minutes to examine the much dis-

puted Roman monument at Igel, and shortly after reached Trier.

Sunday, Aug. 18, 1839.—Trier is like the faint memory of a pleasant dream. Its motto should be "Fui." But for its Roman remains, it would be forgotten, and they themselves, with one exception, are worth little more than as themes to exercise antiquarian ingenuity. The Porta Martis, or black gate, is a magnificent monument of pride and power, and only the more excites admiration, from having successfully resisted the rude hand of barbaric violence, by the wonderful solidity of its construction. The other Roman fragments which remain of doubtful edifices are only remarkable from the extreme tenacity of the mortar employed, which is harder and more compact than even the bricks which it unites. In the evening we walked round the city. Its situation on the Moselle is beautiful. Its verdant valley is enclosed by wooded rocks of the red sandstone formation; the slopes are covered with vines, orchards, and walnuts, and the river sweeps

onwards through its green pastures, to merge its quiet waters in the rapid torrent of the Rhine. On the following day,

Monday, Aug. 19, 1839, we proceeded by the Valley of the Nahe towards Mannheim. The road follows the banks of the Moselle for about three miles and a half, to beyond the village of Reuwer, when it strikes across the country to the south-east. It has been recently made, and is excellently macadamised, and planted on each side with mountain ash. It passes over hills from which are fine and extensive prospects of deep-wooded valleys. The sides of these hills are somewhat remarkable, being levelled abruptly down like artificial cuttings. After a few miles of open down, scantily cultivated, on a shaly soil, the way proceeds through a picturesque forest of oak, beech, and birch; on emerging from which, the first "relay" of Hermeisekeil is seen, situated in the midst of a large open, undulating plain, surrounded by forests. It is a long straggling village, with a church at one end, and contains nothing

remarkable. The road from here alternates between bleak moor and enclosed forest scenery. About seven miles from Birkenfeld we entered the territory of Oldenburg, of which it is the principal town of this part of the duchy. This small town lies nestled in a valley surrounded by hills of an isolated character, on one of which, to the south, are the remains of an old walled town. Birkenfeld contains a plain, whitewashed chateau of the Grand Duke, but nothing of interest. The road, still excellent, traverses the same kind of scenery, till it plunges by a circuitous and rapid descent into the picturesque Valley of the Nahe, about a mile and a half from Oberstein. Quartz, agate, calcedony, &c., are found in this valley, and afford employment to the inhabitants of the upper end, who are extensively occupied in cutting and polishing them into seals, beads, boxes, vases, &c. &c. Oberstein itself is most romantically placed under lofty rocks, on which are perched a gothic church and ruined castle. The village is ill paved, and the streets dirty and

dangerously narrow ; all of which adds to its picturesqueness, but not to its comfort. The stage from here to Kirn is over rough unmacadamised road, and through scenery, which, though pretty, is not very striking. Kirn itself is well situated, but the interior of it is dirty and miserable. The streets are winding and narrow, and about the middle of the town is an old bridge over the Nahe, guarded by two gateways, which, from its contractedness and steepness, is dangerous for any large vehicle. Almost every house in this place is an inn, so that it might be called, without impropriety, a “ city of publicans.” That at the post-house appeared clean, and might be stopped at. The scenery now improves ; in one part, the valley becomes a mere gorge, and shortly after opens into a richly cultivated plain, abounding in pastures, vines, and tobacco. The doors and windows of many of the houses are very ancient. They are curiously carved, and many bear dates about 1590 and 1601. Upon the front of one of them was the following inscription : “ Die

Gemeinder ihrer kindern." We changed horses at Soberheim, and drove into Kreuznach in the dusk of evening. Hungry and tired, we had anticipated a comfortable lodging, but unluckily it was the eve of a great fair, which had attracted parties from every quarter, so that not an hotel was vacant. After remaining for some time, however, in the streets, contemplating, with as little irritation as could be expected under such circumstances, a host of comfortable faces, engaged most agreeably at the table d'hôte, we obtained shelter in a decent "auberge," and were served with a cold and scanty meal from the hotel. Comfortable beds, however, soon made up for these inconveniences, and the following morning they were forgotten.

Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1839.—The situation of Kreuznach is most pleasing. There are saline baths here, and salt-works a short distance from the town. Its bridge and ruined castle are picturesque objects; and it has altogether a clean and cheerful appearance. We hurried on to Mannheim.

The road is very hilly, passing over a vast cultivated plain, undivided by hedges or any other boundary. The road is excellent, except through the villages, where it is execrable. From a hill above Alzei there is a fine view of the Rhine to the left, and of the towers of Worms cathedral to the right. The windings of the road to this latter place are so capricious and arbitrary, that the nearer it is actually approached, the farther it seems off. The views, however, are some compensation, as they are most extensive and magnificent. To the south rises Mont Tonnerre and the range of the Voges mountains: to the east the winding Neckar flows by the low wooded chain of Heidelberg and Baden-Baden. The vine-clad hills of Mayence and the Lower Rhine close the view towards the north; while the towers of Spire, Mannheim, Worms, and many other cities, lie studded over the gorgeous middle distance, intersected, as it is, by the bright silver waters of the Rhine. On entering Worms we passed the cathedral, which we stayed a moment to ex-

amine. The *exterior* is large and imposing ; the *interior* almost totally plain, and what little ornament there is makes one wish that it was so altogether. The choir has been newly done, in the gaudiest and worst style of Louis XIV., all tinsel and gilding ; and in the chancel are hung cut glass chandeliers, similar to those used at a country ball. All this contrasts strangely with the rude massive piers which form the two aisles, and the totally undecorated walls. This cathedral is remarkable for having two choirs, one at each end : that at the west end is quite plain. In the baptistery are some curious stone carvings, recently restored. They are in a lateral chapel, which is of florid gothic, while the body of the church is in the round-arch style. The rest of the way to Mannheim is quite flat and uninteresting.

Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1839.—We established ourselves at the Pfälzer Hof, an excellent hotel in the great square of the Rathhause. Mannheim is a new, clean town, for fire and sword have not left even a

wreck behind of the old city, which might date its birth from about 1600. The present town has not existed above a century; and the streets are all built in straight lines, with others intersecting them at right angles. The effect is monotonous and unpleasing; and, although the population is estimated at about twenty thousand inhabitants, it has an air of mourning and of desolation. This, too, is increased by the presence of several handsome fountains, all without water, and the roofless and gutted state of one wing of its huge palace. This building, which is of vast extent, somewhat resembles Versailles. It was built by the Elector Palatine Karl Philip, in 1720, and is now partly inhabited by the Dowager Grand Duchess of Baden, Stephanie, who is much beloved. The gardens, which are very agreeable, terminate in a terrace-walk overlooking the Rhine. They are open at all times to the public, and notices are placed about them, confiding their preservation and neatness to the guardianship of the people themselves, who seem in no way

to have abused the trust: a plan, alike honourable to those who confer and those who enjoy the privilege.

We drove to the summer palace of Schwetzingen, the gardens of which are not unjustly celebrated. They are of considerable extent, containing fountains, lakes, vases, statues, temples, artificial ruins, and a Turkish mosque. From the specimens ordinarily seen in France, &c., of gardens containing a similar catalogue of objects, the idea which would be preconceived of these, would probably be one of ridicule. In this, however, we were most agreeably mistaken. Each imitation is so well placed, and done in such really good taste, as to produce very pleasing effects; and the solidity of the material employed, they being chiefly of stone, gives a feeling of reality and of permanence not usually experienced in such attempts. Two things deserve to be especially mentioned: one is a small Greek temple of most admirable proportions and excellent taste; the ornaments are all appropriate and judicious, and the situ-

ation well chosen. The other was a Greek theatre, or something of that character. On the summit of a rock was erected a circular Ionic Monopteros, in the centre of which, on a round marble pedestal, stood a statue of Apollo. From the rock gushed a copious stream of water, which was received into a succession of basins, descending to the level of the garden : rocky steps lead up to the statue on each side, from a semicircular grassy mound, which formed the sides of the amphitheatre. The corners were decorated with architectural designs, executed in trellis-work, partly of iron and partly wood, and covered with creepers. The effect altogether was very striking and good. The Turkish mosque was also large and well executed, as was a ruined temple near it. There was, besides, a conceit of an aviary, with birds perched all round, who spouted water, and was the only ridiculous thing in the place. Altogether, some hours may be very pleasantly spent in the gardens of Schwetzingen. The palace is in nowise remarkable.

Thursday, Aug. 22, 1839.—The worst of the journey was now passed. Our way lay nearly due south, and hourly brought us into a more beautiful and interesting country. Our course again took us to Schwetzingen, where we were detained for above an hour by the unjustifiable extortion of the postmaster. An application to the police having failed, we were obliged to submit for the time; but I made a representation of the case to Sir G. Shee, our minister at Stuttgard, who, though not accredited at the court of Baden, has kindly undertaken to seek that redress as a matter of courtesy, which he is unable to claim in an official capacity. The road for some distance is very rough and bad, but passes through extremely pretty wooded scenery. Stuttgard is very remarkably situated, being hemmed in on every side by hills, partly wooded and partly cultivated with vines; it is very pleasing, and the town itself is agreeable. The royal palace is a large and handsome structure at one end of a spacious Place d'Armes. It has extensive gardens,

which are noted for the size and age of their orange trees, of which there is a great number. Near it stands the ancient Schlos or Palace, the inner court of which is surrounded by a colonnade, curiously carved, and which reminded me of the Stadthause at Liege. The cathedral is, in its exterior, a beautiful specimen of elaborate florid gothic. The interior contains some brasses and fine monuments of Dukes of Würtemberg. It is undergoing some very judicious alterations, and the exterior also is being thoroughly repaired. In a small square beside it, has just been erected a splendid bronze statue of Schiller by Thorwaldsen, whose name alone is sufficient to guarantee its being a fine work of art. We had seen the cast of it last year in his studio at Rome. The hotel, the König von England, is clean and good. We had, however, some rotten eggs for breakfast, which the waiter said must be impossible, as "they kept poultry on purpose!" The weather was remarkably cold and disagreeable, threatening rain which did not come down.

Friday, Aug. 23, 1839.—"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble!" The road has not a particle of level ground; incessant up and down. The scenery, however, is pretty. The horizon is bounded by singular square-headed mountains; stepping out, as it were, from which, stand two very remarkable conical hills, crowned with ruined castles. After passing Neckar-Thailfinger, the way, though still hilly, is rather more level in parts, and the country like a vast garden, rich and beautiful.

Great quantities of hemp are grown in this district, and cloth manufactured in many of its picturesque villages. The houses are very large, with enormous projecting roofs. The lower part of them is built of stone, and used as stables and cellars: the rest of the walls are constructed of a framework of timber, the intermediate parts of which are filled up with rough stone and plaster; the wood-work is left exposed, and painted black or red. The "wirthshafts" are noticeable from their large and elaborate signs, which are painted and gilt so as

to be very showy. The population appear healthy and well looking. The men are handsomer than the women, which probably arises, in part, from the latter being engaged in all the more laborious works at home and abroad. Sowing, reaping, and even ploughing, are done by them, not to mention the ordinary duties of tending the cattle, milking, washing, preparing the hemp, &c. &c. They are also in the constant habit of carrying great weights upon their heads, which is highly injurious to beauty. The sole occupation of the men seems to be as carters, and even then they are mostly to be found riding on the shafts or in their wagons. All their other business is smoking and lounging, both of which they carry on most assiduously. The costume about here is not very remarkable. That of the women is chiefly characterised by their plaiting their hair in two long tails, which hang down their backs. The men occasionally wear black three-cornered hats, and all, young and old, have black leather knee breeches, which, from their appear-

ance, must be heirlooms in their respective families. The streams were bright and rapid, and are often diverted to form ponds, in which are placed large stones at intervals, to soak and beat hemp upon. The scenery improves rapidly: perpendicular crags descend like buttresses from the hill sides, which are clothed with luxuriant woods, and the narrow valley abounds in orchards of cherry, plum, pear, and walnut trees. We changed horses at the beautiful village of Urach, with its rich gothic fountains, and then proceeded up a gorge of great picturesqueness, by the side of a mountain stream, one of the feeders of the Neckar. The summit of the pass, for such it may be called, was soon reached: from one side of it the waters all flow into the Rhine, and from the other swell the waters of the Danube. This latter river we shortly crossed, already grown to be a wide and rapid stream. The road from Elringen winds through an open but richly cultivated country, and, before we descended into the valley of Biberach, the full moon had “taken up her wondrous

talé," and threw her soft silvery hue on the rocks, woods, and waters, by which we drove. It was late before we reached Biberach. The butcher was gone to bed, but we soon roused him from his lair, while he revenged himself for the disturbance by giving us only some scraggy bits of tough veal, from which even our voracious appetites were unable to get a meal. The beds, however, were excellent, and a sound sleep and excellent breakfast the next morning fully restored our complacency.

Saturday, Aug. 24, 1839.—I know not that Biberach contains anything particularly worthy of note. We left it early, the road still retaining the undulating character it had borne for many days. The fields were dotted with poles about eight feet high, having cross bars, like perches for poultry. These are to pile the hay upon; and at a short distance, when so covered, they have the appearance of so many motionless human figures. At Oxenhausen is a huge monastery, which "predominates" ostenta-

tiously over the small, straggling hamlet at its feet. On the roadside are frequent crucifixes covered with emblems, and disgustingly coloured. Before reaching Memmingen, we came in sight of the glorious chain of the Tyrol Alps. My heart bounded at the view, for I love their dark valleys, their crystal lakes, their leaping fountains, and their glacier heights. After passing the town of Kempten we rapidly approached them. This place is large, clean, and handsome, situated on the Iller, and is as prepossessing a city as I have seen in this part of Bavaria. Beautiful and bright is the drive from here to Fussen. It is like some fine park in the most favoured spots of our own country, backed, however, with the important addition of a range of lofty and majestic mountains. The approach to Fussen is especially attractive. It lies at the entrance of the valley from which issues the river Lech, and in the centre of it rises an old chateau, which overlooks the open plain, studded with small purple lakes. The evening on which we arrived was that

of St. Louis, the patron saint of Bavaria, and the birthday of her present king. The grey twilight had just begun to take the place of the gorgeous sun, as he sank to rest behind the western hills, when suddenly, on every towering knoll round us, blazed up glowing bonfires, which gleamed like beacons round the illuminated horizon. On entering the town we met a band of music, lighted with pine torches, and playing the joyous national airs of Tyrol and Bavaria. The hotel, which is very clean and comfortable, was all in commotion, preparatory to a fête and concert to be given on the morrow to Max, the crown prince of Bavaria, who has a beautiful castle in the neighbourhood.

Sunday, Aug. 25, 1839.—The sun and the inhabitants of Fussen rose together. The weather was all that could be desired, and everything promised a day of real enjoyment. At half-past nine there was to be a grand mass in the Abbey Church, at which Prince Max was expected to be present. We resolved to take advantage of

this circumstance, to see the whole of his castle of Hohenschwangau. The streets up to the church were lined by military. A kind of burgher guard, whose evolutions, which we witnessed in the evening, did not bespeak them very able champions of the liberties of "*liebe Bayern*;" however, they made a "*demonstration*," which was, doubtless, all that was *now*, or probably ever will be, required of them. We met the prince, who was in a long open phaeton, and one outrider. He is a handsome likeness of his father, whom he strongly resembles. About half an hour's drive brought us to Hohenschwangau. This restored specimen of a feudal stronghold was once the residence of the celebrated Conrade of Swabia, and has also attached to it a legend of a Magic Swan, from which tale the castle takes its name. It is situated on a narrow wooded promontory, which runs out from a semicircular bend in the mountains, in a direction parallel to their main line. On the north side the rock descends almost precipitously into the level plain, in the

western corner of which lies a small lake called the Schwausee, and is the site of the events related in the legend. To reach the castle, however, it is necessary to wind round to the south side of this neck of land. Passing over a gentle rise, we were astonished to find ourselves by the borders of a most beautiful lake, completely buried in the mountains, with luxuriant woods bending down to its very margin. Calm and clear, without a ripple, it lay in the sunshine under the deep blue of a cloudless heaven, like "a mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughter." A little boat was floating upon its bosom, and wild fowl and several swans were sailing over it. A waterfall, a few picturesque cottages, some timber stacks, and a wooden alpine boat-house, added to the picture. From its rocky eminence, the windows of the principal rooms of the castle look out upon this lovely scene. Leaving the carriage at the village, we walked up to the entrance. The road is good to the gateway, but might be improved in parts, so as to make it much easier of

ascent. After passing under an arch, we reached a vaulted gateway leading into a small courtyard, on the left of which is a marble fountain, surmounted by a fresco painting of the Madonna. Before us were the stables, and on our right led up a flight of handsome stone steps to the castle door, which stood wide open as if to welcome us. As yet we had not seen a single person. All was still and solitary as the grave! The tales of childhood and of former days rose upon the mind! Where was the charmed horn? Where the attendant spirits of the enchanted castle? Were we to wander unchallenged through its frescoed halls? Were its flowers blooming and its fountains playing for us alone; and did the banner which gently floated in the breeze over its towers wave for us, the long expected champions who were to burst the spell which had for centuries bound virtue, innocence, and beauty in its unhallowed thralldom? We entered the antechamber of the building. Silent still! but the walls gave us a welcome. A German verse was inscribed upon

them, commencing with “Willkommen, wand’rer,” &c. Thus encouraged, we boldly advanced into the hall. The spell was indeed broken by the act. A dirty frau, with a stable besom, was engaged in brooming the flagstones at the kitchen door, and, in answer to our inquiries, directed us through a glass screen door, up the staircase conducting to the principal floor. The hall in which we stood appears to be the most ancient and least modernised part of the building. It is low and dark, with a groined ceiling supported on two rows of short columns. On the right hand open doors leading to the offices, and on the left runs the glass screen before mentioned, leading to the great staircase. Ascending this, we found ourselves in an antehall, full of visitors, and with an ample complement of ciceroni. Another gothic glazed screen separated one end from the dining-room; the other opens upon a terrace, from which is a good view of the plain towards the north. The dining-room, also called the Schwanrittersaal, is decorated by frescoes on

the walls, illustrative of the legend of the Knights of the Swan. All the rooms are painted in a similar manner, some from the same subject, others from the history of Conrade of Swabia. One room, however, is commemorative of the prince's visit to Constantinople. The style of the decorations is oriental. The furniture is made of rich stuffs, presented to him at the time by the late sultan; and on the walls are well executed views of some of the principal cities of Turkey and Asia Minor. From the balconies and windows of these delightful rooms the view is exquisite. It looks immediately down upon a rich flower garden, in the centre of which is a handsome fountain with a copious supply of water, and from this variegated foreground the eye wanders over the fir-clad and craggy mountains, and then rests with sweet repose on the green banks and unruffled surface of the Alpsee. Above this suite of rooms is another nearly similar, also painted in fresco. All the decorations are studiously in harmony with the place. Among the rest is a

very handsome silver chandelier composed of crowned swans, the crowns bearing the lights. The effect is good. We were not suffered to *enter* the private study of the prince, but only to look at it through the open door. It differs in nothing from the others. The table was covered with papers, books, and maps, and in a recess formed by one of the towers were a sofa and writing table, with an open desk upon it. The northern windows command the approach for some distance, and we now saw the prince on his return; we therefore hastened into the garden. There is a bath in it against the rock, covered with a skylight of red glass, and containing a movable niche with a statue of a Venus. She is much too well draped to require this proviso for the modesty of the most prudish. We now left the castle, and descended to the village by a steep path leading past a new conservatory not yet quite completed; and, after spending about two hours in taking a sketch, we returned to Fussen. The church is a gaudy Italian structure, full of bad taste.

As the evening approached, the preparations for the fête advanced. On each side of the inn door were posts containing, in an iron dish at the top, materials for making a blazing bonfire. The windows of almost every house in the street were filled with candles, especially those of the hotel, our own rooms included, which were brilliantly illuminated. The landlord, who is also "maître de poste," was dressed in full regimentals; and the same "corp d'armée" which exhibited in the morning, were drawn up in double file, on the left of the door, headed by the band and a drum-major, who stood as tall, and looked as fierce, as if he had belonged to the band of our Grenadier Guards. One by one, or in twos and threes, at various intervals, these volunteer soldiers fell into the line, as the hour approached at which the prince was expected. A crowd of the population, especially women and children, were gathered round the hotel door. The troops were ordered to march. Part of the line advanced while the rest hung back, and running to recover the

parallel, advanced too far, thus alternately keeping the line always upon that beautiful curve so admired by Hogarth. Some fat fellows, in laced coats and epaulettes, kept running first before and then behind them, in the vain hope of preserving something like a parallel, and occasionally their success was astonishing. The appearance of the prince's outrider at the top of the street, however, had more effect than all their exertions. Starch and stiff as statues, they stood erect. The drum-major became still taller; his awful staff was waved. The brazen band struck up "*altâ voce*." The throng of anxious gazers fell back in a semicircle across the street, while a loud and hearty huzza burst at once from their lips. This warm welcome was nearly productive of a catastrophe. The horse of the outrider, startled by the shout, plunged and reared, and fell back upon the horses of the prince's open carriage. The man, however, rode well, and the terrified animal, urged forward by whip and spur, dashed under the archway, and permitted the royal

cortége to disappear in the same quarter. The concert-room had been prettily decorated with flowers, and opposite the seat appropriated to the prince was a picture of his father similarly ornamented. The concert commenced, to our surprise, with our own "God save the King," a tribute to its superiority decidedly gratifying to our national vanity. I walked into the street during part of the performance. The military were gone; the candles put out in every window except those of the hotel, and the two bonfires emitted a smouldering lurid light, with volumes of pitchy smoke. Ye London tradesmen, take a lesson of *economy* in this from the people of Fussen! You can put out your oil and gas during the festivities on the next birthday of her Majesty. The troops were getting royally drunk in an adjoining public-house, while the officers were regaling themselves in the "Salle" of the hotel. The concert, however, drew to a close. The guard of honour rolled into their double file. The candles again blazed in every window, and bright

and clear the meteor light of the sentry torches kindled up afresh. The spirited horse of the outrider again snorted uneasily at this unwonted disturbance of his quiet. The prince, with much kindness, walked up to him, patted him, and spoke to the groom. After a short pause, the carriage drew out of the archway, and the prince, bareheaded, drove away amidst the hearty cheers of the assembled people. The excitement over, it was impossible to review this scene without great satisfaction. The Crown Prince Max is much beloved in this neighbourhood, and through the whole of the humble rejoicings and festivities of this little village there was exhibited a respectful and affectionate anxiety to gratify him, highly honourable to the hearts and dispositions of the people of Fussen. The prince might have been received in the marble and frescoed halls of his father's capital with more splendour and ostentation, but he could not have been received with more heartfelt respect, or probably with half the sincerity which

the village shout and the wild garlands, which greeted him here, must have conveyed to his mind.

Monday, Aug. 26, 1839.—We now proceeded onwards to the valley of the Inn, following the stream of the Lech during the first stage to Reutte. The Austrian custom-house, which is about a quarter of an hour's drive from Fussen, allowed us to pass without examination, after a few ordinary questions about tea, tobacco, &c. This road is but little frequented by the English, though its great beauty will quite justify a *détour* for the purpose. The mountains about Lermoos contain lead mines, which are worked, and probably other minerals. Beyond here the road winds about, threading the mazes of the mountains, and passing some remarkably beautiful lakes, or rather deep rocky basins, filled with water of the brightest and most varying hues. The approach to Nassereit is down an abrupt and very steep declivity, along the side of a gorge, in which dashes one of the early tributaries of the Inn. Towards the bottom

it spreads itself into several lakes, whose peculiar colour attracted the notice of Sir H. Davy, when he came this road, first in March 1815, and afterwards in August and September 1827. (Vide *Salmonia*, page 320.) On a fir-clad knoll projecting into one of them, stand the extensive ruins of a castle, known by the name of Schlos Sigismund, which, with an archway, commanding the narrow road, called Fernstein, forms a most picturesque object. Another half hour brought us to Nassereit, where we resolved to stop for the evening. This place is on the great road from Insbruck to Milan by the Stelvio, or to Italy by the Finstermunz and Meran. We found Lord Sligo and a large suite, including Lord Altamont, changing horses, and with difficulty passed the ex-governor of Jamaica, whom we encountered on the narrow staircase of the inn. We strolled out in the evening, but met with no adventures. The weather continued fine and intensely hot, taking great liberties with the delicacy of our noses and complexions. The little inn

here is clean, the people civil, and, though not a first-rate hotel, it may boast of affording as good accommodation as can reasonably be expected at a country place.

Tuesday, Aug. 27, 1839.—In travelling through a country remarkable for its extreme and ever-varying beauty, it is an almost insuperable difficulty to avoid a wearisome tautology in any attempt to describe it. The epithets of splendid, sublime, majestic, gorgeous, magnificent, grand, beautiful, lovely, brilliant, gay, sombre, smiling, cheerful, “riant,” and others, are constantly recurring; and, even if used with the utmost skill and propriety, convey no real idea of the peculiarities of the scene. Nor does the recital of the component parts of the landscape succeed much better. A rock, a wood, a gorge, a mountain, a waterfall, &c., with each appropriate adjective, even when they really *do* picture something to the imagination, generally convey an image very different to the reality. This arises, not from any incorrectness in the description, the strict fidelity of which might be

recognised on the spot, but from the inadequacy of *any* words to embody an idea which can be alone conveyed to the understanding by *sight*. I have never felt this more forcibly than in the whole of our journey from Nassereit to Salzburg. The scenery is *throughout* most beautiful; but its beauty is constantly varying, and each scene appears the loveliest till you come upon another. On leaving Nassereit to proceed to Innsbruck, the road rises over a hill covered with luxuriant wood, and interspersed with patches of verdant meadow. The valley, enclosed by lofty mountains, with summits of irregular and jagged form, is chiefly characterised by a sort of sloping table-land, which fills up the space between the hills and the river, and whose plateau is covered with pastures and villages, while its sides are clothed with the richest foliage. In one place the Inn rushed through deep and narrow gorges; in another it would flow calmly, though rapidly, through the widened plain. Peculiarly towering and majestic, rose on our right the vast rock of the

Hohe Mundi Berg, near the relay of Telfs ; and shortly after passing Zirl, the perpendicular cliff of the Martin's Wand rises impending over the road. The approach to Insbruck in this direction is not one of the best, the city being nearly concealed by trees. We observed preparations for the formation of a very handsome stone bridge. The blocks, which are quarried of great size, are being worked upon the spot ; but, in all probability, the bridge is intended to be erected on the Halle road, on the east side of Insbruck, in lieu of an old wooden one which has existed for many years.

Wednesday, Aug. 28, 1839.—The weather, which had been hitherto most favourable, now changed, and the whole of to-day rained heavily. We remained here till

Thursday, Aug. 29, 1839.—The rain had continued to fall during the night, and the rocks, which overhang Insbruck, were sprinkled with snow. The weather, though cloudy, was not unpleasant, and the varying lights and shades upon the mountains only increased the beauty of the scenery.

We stopped for a moment at Volders to look into a curious church, connected to a monastery by an archway under which the road passes. It is dedicated to St. Carlo Borromeo, and contains some very pleasing frescos. It was originally built in 1620, but its present decorations are within the last century. Near the town of Strass, at the entrance of the Zillerthal, we passed through the village of Rotholz, remarkable for its mills, and the picturesque ruins of a castle, planted on a wooded knoll, in a ravine of the mountain. Mills, mines, (copper,) and ruins, abound in this part of the valley, and the castle of Rattenberg, with the town, and sweep of the river, form a fine picture from the Insbruck approach. On reaching Wörgl we altogether quitted the course of the Inn, which flows northward into Bavaria, while our route continued due east. The extreme attractiveness of the scenery, however, by no means diminishes. Indeed, it keeps rather continually increasing; the larch and pine woods on the mountain sides being varied

and enriched by the luxuriant foliage of the deciduous trees with which they are grouped. The hamlet of St. Johann, where we were obliged to sleep, contains a miserable inn, where, however, emperors, kings, and princes always stop. Its situation is good, being placed where three valleys meet, each rivalling the other, in the promise of the beauties it would disclose if thoroughly examined.

Friday, Aug. 30, 1839.—The valley which we had now to pursue, was in a northerly direction, till, gradually contracting more and more, it forced us to wind again eastward. In my own opinion, the scenery which we now entered, and which continues to Reichenhall, is the finest of the whole, and, of its character, is unequalled by any I have seen in the whole chain of the Alps. Immediately after passing the village of Waidring, we entered the pass Strub. The road runs through a narrow gorge, beside the stream of the Haslach, which dashes over rocks in a continual succession of rapids, till close upon the town of Lofer, where the valley sud-

denly opens upon the river of the Saal. The irregular forms of the mountains, the peculiar manner in which they are grouped together, the woods and meadows, and the picturesque cottages, mills, and fletchers, altogether form a scene of unparalleled beauty. The road is very hilly ; in parts, almost precipitously steep, but well made. A short distance before reaching Unken, the valley seems totally closed in, and denying all exit to either the river or the road. Having passed this barrier, we found ourselves in another valley equally interesting, but quite different from those which we had just quitted. At Unken is the Austrian custom-house where the luggage is "plombé" to pass through the Bavarian territory, which here descends by Reichenhall and Berchtesgaden into Salzburg. From this valley another pass must be traversed, called the "Steinpass." After a very severe ascent, and as abrupt a descent, another rise brought us upon the Munich road by Traunstein, and we reached the pipes which convey the brine from Reichenhall for a dis-

tance of nearly sixty miles. A most picturesque descent from here conducts, after passing a small lake, to the magnificent ruin of the castle of Karlstein, which forms the key of these valleys. We now descended into the plain, and soon reached Reichenhall. This town, like all which belong to the king of Bavaria, is rapidly rising from being a heap of mud and wooden cottages into a handsome place, full of large and architectural buildings. We had not time fully to inspect all the salt-works, but from what we did examine, they seem to be precisely similar in principle to those of Ischl, Moutier, &c., and other salt-springs. Leaving the majestic Untersberg to the right, and the valley which leads to Berchtesgaden, we proceeded along the rich and level plain of Salzburg. At the custom-house, about half-way, the "plombs" were removed, and shortly after the castle is seen rising abruptly from the vale. There is no indication whatever of the city, which is concealed behind the ledge of rock, passing through which, by the archway or tunnel formed by

the Archbishop Sigmund in 1767, we entered the town.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1839.—We lost no time in getting on to Ischl. We passed the quiet lake of Fuschl, and descended upon that of Wolfgang, by St. Gingal. The rest of the drive, though long, is like a rich park, till the opening woods disclosed to us the town of Ischl, with the rushing Traun, and all its picturesque valleys. The weather was beautiful, and we are comfortably lodged at the Hôtel de la Poste, Mons. Koch.

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1839.—We strolled out yesterday afternoon to look about, and obtain some general notions of the place. Ischl is situated at the confluence of the rivers Ischl and Traun, at the northern extremity of a valley, about twelve miles in length, lying nearly due north-east and south-west. It is terminated towards the south by the lake of Halstadt, and lies nearly in the centre of that district of Austria Proper which is known by the name of the Salzkammergut. The valleys by which it is surrounded are of extreme beauty. The

sides of the mountains are covered with pine, beech, and sycamore, interspersed with patches of verdure, on which stand brown-roofed and whitewashed cottages, with orchard trees, and small gardens. The major part of the town consists of isolated white houses, each with its little garden; which are let during the season as lodging-houses. There are three principal buildings here, independent of the salt-works, which appear to be very excellent residences — that of Count Sickingen, of Count Kolowrat, the Austrian home secretary of state, and of Dr. Elz. These houses are never let, except that of Dr. Elz, which *has* been let to royalty or persons of great distinction. The salt-works (Pffannhause) are situated by the bank of the river Traun, and the brine is conducted to them from the various mines of Ischl, Halstadt, &c., by wooden pipes, for very great distances, some exceeding twenty-six miles. Vast timber-yards are kept constantly supplied from the surrounding forests to meet the consumption of the boiling-houses, and the contrivances for the

economization of labour, in making the rivers the medium of its conveyance, are ingenious in their construction, and picturesque in their effect upon the landscape. These erections are called "rechen," and consist of wooden gratings, with flood-gates, formed between very solid stone piers. They are placed at various angles, and differ slightly in their construction and forms, being adapted to the particular situation in which it may have been considered desirable to arrest the logs in their descent. There is one of these in the town of Ischl, upon the river of the same name, and another at a ten minutes' walk from it, at the mouth of the Rettenbach, where it falls into the Traun. The baths adjoin the boiling-house. They are of wood, to resist the action of the salt, and may be used at any hour from five in the morning till eight o'clock at night. The rooms are extremely clean and light, but without fire-places, which are deemed here quite superfluities. Attached to the Badhause is a colonnade, where a very tolerable band performs of a morning ; and

where whey is served to those who choose to submit to a "molken cur," or "whey course." The church is a large and most conspicuous building. Its exterior is plain and unsightly, except as regards the spire, which everywhere forms a beautiful object. The interior is in wretched taste, and disfigured by all that Roman Catholic mummery can devise. The organ, however, is very good; and there are occasionally some good masses performed. The immediate environs of Ischl are delightful; and the more distant excursions which can be made from it, as interesting as any in the whole circle of the Alps. Among the former, which the showery and unsettled state of the weather permitted us to take during a whole week, was that to the "Ruine Wildenstein," the remains of a castle, at about an hour's walk from the town. The morning had poured, but the weather having improved in the evening, we walked out. The situation of the ruin is most deceiving; and on reaching the wood in which it is placed, we walked on under the dripping trees, con-

vinced that a few minutes more must bring us upon the desired spot. Like some ideal vision, however, it still continued to recede from us. We climbed and climbed, descended into one gorge, and rose over its rocky and wooded sides only to find ourselves still separated from the object of our search. But these difficulties only incited us to proceed, and we at length attained the summit. It stands upon a rocky knoll, isolated from the mountain which, however, is hardly visible from the rich woods which clothe it on every side. It bears the character of a keep, being circular, with a central tower ; the walls are tolerably perfect, especially on the side towards the mountain, and from a breach on the east is a most beautiful prospect of Ischl and the Traunstein. On our return home, we saw a disgusting reptile of the lizard species. It was about eight or nine inches in length, (including the tail,) and of a black colour, spotted with large bright orange blotches ; its motions were laboured and slow like those of the toad, and very unlike the ac-

tive little green and gold lizard of Italy. Behind the house of Dr. Elz is a garden, from whence an excellent view is obtained of the town and mountains, including that of the Torstein. We met here the Archduchess Maria Louisa, who is very fond of Ischl, and generally comes here every year. The Rechen at the mouth of the Rettenbach is also a very interesting walk. The Rettenthal is one of the most picturesque valleys of the immediate neighbourhood. The stream which flows through it forms some cascades of great beauty, and the ravine is terminated by craggy and precipitous rocks. Every spot near Ischl from which a view can be obtained has its well-kept walk and seat, which is designated by the name of some individual of note. The only object which is injurious to the varied beauties of the place, is a round wooded hill, which rises abruptly in front of the town, totally obstructing the view up the Traun. It is called the Syrius-Kogl, and contains two "summer-houses," one about halfway, the "Wirer's

Hain," the other at the top, named Henrietten's Höhe. The whole of this excrescence would be better removed, if such were practicable. Another delightful walk is along the road to Lindau, and through the Kalvarienberg; from the latter is probably the best general view of Ischl which can be obtained. There are a great variety of other walks in the neighbourhood, and, indeed, it is scarcely possible to stir out without meeting some agreeable surprise in the way of an unexpected view or beautiful spot of ground. The weather had now greatly improved, and appeared sufficiently settled for us to extend our excursions; we therefore started for Aussee.

Monday, Sept. 9, 1839.—The road lies along the bank of the Traun for some miles, and the first village is that of Lauffen. This is situated in a part of the valley where it is so contracted as only to allow of the passage of the river, which indeed it does reluctantly, forcing its waters by rapids in a descent of about fifteen feet. It rushes over the rocks in a dark black flood, across

which has been thrown a fragile wooden bridge. The road is carried through the town, and rises over the base of the wooded hill on which it is built. A little further we came upon a timber rachen at the end of the Weissenbach, terminating the valley of the Chorinsky Klause, of which more hereafter. We next reached the town of Goisern, a cheerful and beautiful place, said to be remarkable for the amiable character of its inhabitants, the majority of which are Protestants. There is a Temple here, very plain in its exterior, without any tower or distinctive mark to designate its purpose, and closely resembling the majority of our English meeting-houses. After passing the village of St. Agatha, we commenced the ascent of a long and steep mountain, on the summit of which is the boundary of Styria. The geological formation of this district is very remarkable. It is a transition between the chalk and tertiary formation, with occasional deposits of silt with boulders. The road is very ill constructed, so far as regards the line of country through which it is car-

ried, there being another way through the valleys, where the ascents are not severe, but which is now only practicable for pietons. The carriage way, however, is probably the line originally taken by the Romans, these roads having as yet been little modernised. During the ascent, views are obtained of the northern part of the lake of Halstadt, and of the rich valley of the Traun. A series of bare serrated ridges mark the outline of Styria, rising out of mountains thickly covered with pine and larch, and in their lower part with sycamores of very unusual size and beauty. One of these mountains, an isolated cone, was covered with these woods in 1833, when the late Emperor Francis took it into his head to have a bonfire worthy of the Alps, and accordingly had it lighted. The vast pine forest blazed like a volcano, and the rude rocks and mountain solitudes reflected back its lurid glare, for above three months, during which period it continued to burn. It now stands a scathed and blasted monument of imperial caprice. The view about here is.

very magnificent. One seems hemmed in by a wild wilderness of mountain. In every direction peak towers over peak, ridge upon ridge, and forest over forest; and a short distance from Aussee the deep gorge, through which the Traun forces its way into the lake of Halstadt, is closed in by the gigantic glacier bed of the Torstein. A very steep pitch plunges you into what is not inaptly called by the Germans the "Kettel" of Aussee, a picturesque village, buried in the hills, and bisected by the rushing Traun. At the entrance of the town is a notice that begging is forbidden; but there is this addition, that poor travellers will be relieved on applying at a particular house, which is indicated. "Vagrants will be apprehended" is frequently enough to be seen at the entrance of our towns in England, but I do not remember to have ever noticed the charitable addition of the Aussee warning. We dined at the Ertzhertzog Franz Karl, and, upon the recommendation of Sir H. Davy, ordered some char. The German practice of smoking and spitting is so general as.

seldom to become remarkable ; but there was a solitary traveller in the *salle* who never ceased hawking and spitting in an unusually disgusting manner ; as he evidently did it from habit, perhaps increased by a cold in his throat, and not with any intention to insult, one could not have the satisfaction of getting into a passion with him, but he deserved committal more than any “ unlicensed hawker ” I ever met with. After our meal, we drove to the Grundel See, a very striking lake, the upper part of which is celebrated from its geological peculiarities. Its banks are clothed with pastures of the most emerald green, fringed with luxuriant woods, while the Todbergen or Dead Mountains, which hem in its eastern extremity, look down upon *them* and the glassy waters which ripple at their feet, like so many grim and ghastly remnants of mortality. I was anxious to have landed at this extremity and penetrated to another lake some distance beyond ; but the evening was rapidly advancing, and the drive to Ischl takes nearly four hours. This plan

was therefore given up, as was also a visit to the lake of Alt Aussee in the same neighbourhood. These lakes and valleys cannot be properly investigated without staying one or two nights at least at Aussee, which we were not then prepared to do. On our return we observed ripe strawberries, cotton grass, and a great profusion of blue, pink, and other gentians. The weather, during the whole day, was most delightful; but the pleasure of the excursion received a great drawback from the evident indisposition of my companion, M——, which increasing as the evening advanced, made me very glad when we again reached our comfortable quarters at Ischl.

Tuesday, Sept. 10, 1839.—M——'s illness continued so as to confine him to his bed. I therefore only went sketching as far as Lauffen in the morning, and took a view of Ischl from the Klavierberg in the afternoon. The sky was cloudless.

Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1839. Though still confined to his bed, M—— was sufficiently better to-day to enable me to visit the lake

of Halstadt without anxiety. The road is the same as that to Aussee till within about a mile of St. Agatha, when it turns off to the village of Steg; a boat with an awning and table, sufficiently commodious, was “*manned*,” or rather “*womanned*,” by two women and a boy, and landed me in half an hour at the Gosaumühle. These mills are for sawing the wood which is sent down from the timber slides into the lake by the Gosaubach and other streams, and is also employed in making the wooden tiles with which almost all the buildings in this district are roofed. The dams and fletchers by which the streams are distorted from their natural course for these purposes, are strikingly picturesque, and form both natural and artificial cascades in countless directions. The most interesting object, however, at this spot, is the Gosauschwang, a slender aqueduct, which has been thrown across the entrance of the valley of the Gosaubach, in order to carry the brine pipes, which come from the Halstadt salt mine, to the boiling-houses at Ischl. Its dimensions are

about 450 English feet in length and 120 feet in height from the surface of the river ; it is supported by five stone piers, of unequal lengths, and diminishing from their bases : their average size is about ten feet square. The following is on a tablet let into one of them :—

MICHAEL RAMSAUER, AMTSZIMERM

HAT ANNO 1812, U. 1836 DIESE

REPARATIONSARBEITIER UNTER NOHMEN

GRAV. JAKOB. RAMSAUEG.

The bridge between the piers is constructed entirely of wood, and although the whole aqueduct is very large and solid, it seems, from the vast scenery in which it is placed, like some fairy structure formed by the Berggeists, to facilitate their communications with the opposite mountains, far above the haunts of man, and the din of the harsh mills and wheels, for whose operation their pure streams have been diverted and polluted by the invaders of their cherished recesses. Again taking boat, I proceeded to Halstadt. Colours, green, purple, and gray, of every hue and varying gradation,

tinge these beautiful waters. The richly wooded banks are broken into numerous small rocky bays, where the spotted trout and the orange char may be seen sporting in the dark shadows, or gliding about in the cool clear depths of the crystal lake. The southern end is much the finest, and is entirely blocked up by a vast wall of mountain, while two valleys, right and left, are spread out, giving the appearance of a cross. The town of Halstadt lies (a cluster of wooden cottages with whitewashed sides) along the base of the mountain, which is entirely covered with the most luxuriant wood. The church is remarkably curious and ancient, and built upon an artificial terrace, the view from which is of surpassing beauty. This building is said to bear the date of 1320, and contains a strange specimen of elaborate carving in the high altar; beyond a question, of very high antiquity. The architectural details of the church, which are admirable, are as much disfigured by miserably painted galleries, pews, and pageantry, as the worst of Roman Catholic

mummery could devise. In the centre of the town a stream descends from the Salzberg, behind which it lies invisible, till it falls in a succession of cascades, chiefly formed by the mills which it is employed to work in its course. I walked up to the head of the western valley (called the valley of Lahn) to see the Fall of the Waldbach Strub. It is seldom worth a hot and somewhat fatiguing walk to see *any* waterfall, but in this instance, - independent of its passing through a most beautiful gorge, the cascade itself is well worthy of a visit. Of its class, which is that of the Swiss Reichenbach and Giesbach, it may rank as quite equal to them, and is far superior to many which are not considered despicable. This excursion takes *two* good hours, to go from and return to Halstadt, not including any time which may be spent at the fall. The inn at which I put up is kept by Herr Stadler, and nothing can exceed his attention and anxiety to please. His house is clean, cheerful, and looking upon the lake, and his *fish*, and especially his BEER, incomparable. One of

the first objects which strikes the eye on approaching Halstadt is a large white mansion, bearing an aspect of importance, quite different to the lowly houses by which it is surrounded. It is situated at Lahn, a suburb of Halstadt, and long low warehouses and large timber stacks mark it to be the residence of the chief director of the Salines. But on casting the eye far upwards, a square, tall, white building is seen rising out of the thick woods, and a long narrow line may be marked going in that direction, skirting the mountain side, like a girdle encircling its bosom. This line is the course of the brine pipes, and the building is the tower of Rudolf, erected by the Emperor Albert, in 1284, to guard his saline treasures from the rapacity of the archbishops of Salzberg. It is now tenanted by the manager of the mine, and the situation must be delightful when once the task of reaching it has been surmounted. The descending sun had left the lake in gloom before I was again upon its surface, but the valley of the Traun was still gladdened by his beams as I crossed it,

and was yet gilding the spire of Ischl when I returned. I stopped a moment to visit a very copious spring just across the bridge over the Traun, called Dr. Wirer's well. The water is said to contain sulphates, &c.,—but it is perfectly tasteless and colourless.

Thursday, Sept. 12, 1839.—Yesterday so fully engaged me in examination that I had no time to sketch, so I returned again to Halstadt, and took some views, rowed over to Obertraun, a small village near the embouchure of the river into the lake, and returned to Ischl in the evening.

Friday, Sept. 13, 1839.—M—— was now considered sufficiently recovered to venture to the beautiful lake and the Gosauschwang, and we therefore started about half-past eight o'clock. For my own part, though this was my third visit to it, I felt that I could never get wearied by such scenery, and I was besides anxious to obtain an interview with Herr Conradt Ludwig von Sattler, the Protestant pastor of Halstadt. In this we succeeded, but were in some amusing difficulties with regard to a lan-

guage in which to converse. Of German we hardly knew enough, and Mr. Sattler knew about as much of Italian and French, with which alone we were conversant. He proposed Latin, but this was equally alarming; however, by the aid of all these languages, we contrived to make ourselves understood. At my request he has drawn up a paper, containing an account of the Protestants of the district; which is to be submitted to the “*Société Evangélique*.” After a most agreeable day, and my getting a sketch of Halstadt, we returned home.

Saturday, Sept. 14, 1839.—We went to-day to see the Chorinsky Klause. This is merely a stone causeway, with one large and two lesser archways, closed at pleasure by flood-gates, which then dam up the waters of the milky Weisenbach. It is built near the head of the valley, which is backed by mountains of the same rugged and picturesque character as those at the head of the lake of Halstadt, and, indeed, throughout this district. The drive to it is most delightful, through luxuriant woods,

resembling a fine English park. The road is very steep in parts, and runs, for the most part, very high above the torrent, which, often unseen, may be heard murmuring far below. It is practicable to proceed on foot from the Chorinsky Klause, over the mountains into the valley above Gosau, descending not far from Abtenau.

Sunday, Sept. 15, 1839.—The day of rest.

Monday, Sept. 16, 1839.—We had arranged yesterday evening to start this morning early for the valley of Gosau and the Torstein, but, on rising, we found it pouring torrents of rain; the mountains totally enveloped in cloud, and no reasonable appearance of its clearing. The plan was therefore given up. Before eleven, however, the clouds broke, the rain ceased; and it became so fine that we decided to take the shorter excursion of the Schwartz See and St. Wolfgang. The road for some little distance is the same as that to Salzburg, and then turns off at a pillar surmounted by a winged globe. The drive is extremely pleasant, and through pine and

sycamore woods by the side of rocks, with several cascades, some of considerable size. On reaching the limits of the carriage road we found that the Schwartz See would require a fatiguing walk of two hours, (there and *back*;) and being decidedly of opinion that M——'s strength was not yet sufficiently restored for such an attempt, I declined to go, and we proceeded to St. Wolfgang. The same delightful scenery accompanied us. We found the chief object of interest (if not indeed the *only* one) to be the church, which is of great antiquity, and contains a high altar of the same curious and elaborate carving and painting as the one at Halstadt. This, however, is superior to it, both in design and execution; and, indeed, the paintings, which are in excellent preservation, are said to be the work of Wohlgemuth, the master of Albert Durer. The carving is by Mic. Pacher, and the date about 1481. There is also a curious chapel built upon the solid rock, which protrudes through the floor of the church. It is said to be the

chapel originally built by St. Wolfgang when bishop of Ratisbon, upon whose canonization a church was erected over it. The present church has been painted in every part, but the frescoes are faded, and give a very gloomy effect to the interior. In the court-yard adjoining it, is an antique bronze fountain, the workmanship of which is good, though the style is somewhat grotesque. Having fully satisfied our curiosity, we were anxious to return to Ischl; but this not being the pleasure of the postboy, he could not be induced to harness the horses, under the plea that they had not yet done *eating*. The probabilities are, that *he* had not done *drinking*; but we were forced to sit in the carriage, and amuse ourselves with the games of some children, who were playing before the door of the inn. Their recreation had a very West Indian character, for it consisted in blowing a feather armed with a spike, from a long perforated rod, into a mark on an opposite door. A parish school also broke up, and disgorged a singular pack of half-naked ragamuffins of all ages,

most of whom were barefoot, and many wore little knee-breeches and no hats. The breeches having no braces, (an unheard of superfluity,) the admired "Wetherell hiatus" was visible; the jacket was out at elbows, and these and other deficiencies showed that, however well the intellectual man might be furnished, the physical one was not overburdened. The schoolmaster came out with the herd, a young and sentimental looking man, sufficiently well dressed, who, after his pupils had dispersed, walked up and down with the air of one writing a tragedy, or composing a "sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow." But at length both horse and man were satisfied, and we returned home.

Tuesday, Sept. 17, 1839.—We were most anxious to visit the valley of Gosau before leaving this part of the country; and as our arrangements were imperatively made for a final departure to Vienna for to-morrow, we started on our expedition in spite of a lowering and gloomy sky. Soon after passing Lauffen the rain began to fall, the

clouds descended lower, and the whole of the scenery, except such as was immediately beside us, was veiled from our view. To this we were indifferent, as far as the Gosauschwang, being perfectly acquainted with the road, and we trusted that the weather would clear as it had done yesterday. In this expectation, however, we were doomed to be disappointed. Still and steady "the big drops came dancing to the earth," and, enclosed in the leather curtains of the calèche, we could only observe that the Gosaubach, on the bank of which the road runs, was an unbroken succession of rocky rapids, with sweeps of extreme beauty. Still buoyed by hope, we passed the village of Gosau, and proceeded to the termination of the carriage road on the way to Gosausee. This is at a water-mill forge for making nails, &c., and is situated at the entrance of a dark pine forest, through which about an hour's walk conducts to the borders of the lake. The dim and spectral appearance of some vast giant peaks showed themselves fitfully through the mist and heavy rain, so

that, convinced that even if we did take our dripping walk through the wood we should see nothing, we reluctantly returned to the little inn at Gosau. Here we experienced every civility from the hands of Franz Bosch, mine host of "Der Gruner Baum," and a very eatable dinner. It is true that we had brought the meat (some beef) with us, but the soup, fish, and batter-pudding were excellent, with as good beer as that at Halstadt. *Bread*, however, should be brought on these excursions, for they have only a close brown loaf, which is sour and unpalatable. We suffered here from an absolute plague of flies, which swarmed in myriads, and attack both man and his food with most voracious rapacity. During our dinner a delightful change, had taken place in the weather. The rain ceased, and the clouds now began to roll away in fine scrolly volumes, disclosing by degrees the whole of the Gosauthal, and finally leaving clear and bright the wild and desolate crags of the Torstein chain. The magnificent rocks which close this val-

ley, as seen from the village of Gosau, are a part of the N. E. chain of the glacier mountains of the Torstein, and known by the name of Der Donner Kogel. They rise bleak and drear perpendicularly out of a dark base of pines, which in their turn rest on the green and glowing pastures of the valley. Gosau is a long straggling succession of isolated cottages, extending for about three miles, with the Roman Catholic church standing on a knoll nearly in the centre. It contains many Protestants, a resident pastor, and a *Bethhause*, or "house of prayer," as the Protestant places of worship are appropriately termed. It is difficult not to apply in one's heart the "den of thieves" to the towering edifice whose spire

. "pointing to the skies,

Like some tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

I got a very satisfactory sketch, and we started on our return home. Beautiful and bright the sparkling waters now bounded on before us, and the foliage bent lower towards its coy waves, weighed down by the crystal gems which hung on every branch and leaf, or

shaking them like showers of pearls upon its disdainful bosom. The declining sun lit up the gorge, and flung a halo and animation on what had been but a few hours before cold and lifeless. The scene was redolent with beauty, and was some reward for the morning's disappointment, while it added another reminiscence of lovely scenery to those which we already possessed of the neighbourhood of Ischl. Just before reaching the Gosauschwang, we stopped to observe a timber slide in operation. The heavy logs descended the inclined plane with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and sprang, as if endowed with volition, from the end of the slide into the river, clearing the road by a leap of above thirty feet. It is most exciting to see them bound one after the other, their huge, lumbering forms whizzing like an arrow through the air, and then crashing into the rocky gulf below. The sky was cloudless when we reached Ischl, and the last rays of the sunlight had just faded from its spire.

Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1839.—The morning

was clear and cloudless, and at six we left Ischl for Lambach, on our way to Vienna. We crossed the lake of Gemünd in the steamer "the Sophia," commanded by Mr. Andrews, an Englishman, who has obtained a patent from the emperor for the exclusive navigation of that lake for fifteen years. There were four carriages on board and six horses, besides a large number of passengers. We proceeded, without a moment's delay, from Gemünd to the falls of the Traun. These have been much too highly eulogised by Sir H. Davy, being very small and low, and the water so distributed by fletchers, &c., that no fulness of the river could give them any character of grandeur. They are, however, pretty objects, but unfitted for a picture. I tried in vain to get a good point of view. Along the whole line of road the Styrian Alps form a magnificent horizon. The Traunstein towered most majestically, and in this direction the glacier basis of the Torstein is conspicuous immediately to the right of it. We crossed the Gemünd and Linz iron tram-road at Wells, and on our

arrival at Linz we found that the town was so filled with passengers for the steamer on the Danube, and the Duchess of Berry and her suite, that we could only get lodged at a very inferior hotel.

Thursday, Sept. 19, 1839.—We were up by the dawn, and hurried to the packet to take our first voyage on the Danube. The celebrity of this river, the tales of its whirlpools and its robbers, but, chief of all, its historical and authentic records of the deeds of deep interest to the fates of nations which have been acted upon its shores, rendered it a moment of agreeable excitement. Nor was this feeling disturbed by any of those untoward events which sometimes force themselves upon the attention in a way to destroy the slightest approximation to enthusiasm. The morning was beautiful, though cold, the vessel herself a picture of neatness and cleanliness, and at the moment that the bell from the numerous steeples of Linz gave note of the hour of six, a cannon thrice discharged on deck announced that we were actually under weigh. The river was dark

and muddy, but its rapid current swept us swiftly onward, and in a few minutes an abrupt turn in the river hid the city from our view. We marked where the green Traun flows into the Danube without mingling, till his rude eddies merge her pure waters in the oblivion of his dark torrent. The steamer stopped a few minutes at the small village of Mauthausen, situated opposite to the embouchure of the river Enns, which runs on the east side of the town of that name. Enns is upon the post-road to Vienna, and stands conspicuous from being built upon a rising ground, while beyond it rise the towers of the monastery of St. Florian, embosomed in trees, and further still, the long range of the Styrian Alps. There is a flying bridge at Mauthausen, and the town is backed by limestone rocks, extensively quarried. The river is broken into a great variety of islands of various sizes, all richly clothed with woods, which come drooping gracefully into the water. Large sand-banks also impede the navigation, on which we observed he-

rons wading and dipping their long lanky necks into the stream, or heavily looming over it, as they floated in the air, with their huge wings extended, and their legs stuck out behind them. The extreme tortuousness of the river greatly increases the difficulties of its navigation, and the constantly shifting sand-banks require repeated soundings in the course of the passage. These soundings are simply done by the incessant plunging of a long rod into it, till the doubtful spot is passed ; and as we watched the measure, it would often become less and less, till, ignorant of the draft of the vessel, we fancied she must graze the bottom every moment ; at once, however, perhaps, the rod would plunge several feet deeper, and, after a few variations, refuse to find the bottom. The navigation of the river is, however, now so well known *in this part*, that no accidents ever occur from these shallows. We stopped a moment to take in passengers at Grein. The gorge is now becoming rapidly more beautiful. The banks are grouped with birch, beech, and rock, and the passage be-

comes more and more contracted as we approach the rapids of the Strudel and Wirbel. The former of these is the least dangerous of the two to the barges of the country, for it consists of an inclined sheet of water, rushing at the rate of fifteen feet per second, and not so much torn by conflicting eddies as the latter. It is entered beside an island rock, on which is placed a large crucifix. The steamer shot by it, and gliding with extreme rapidity down the Strudel, we found ourselves tossed about in the whirlpool of the Wirbel. This is in a great measure occasioned by the Haustein, a large rock with an old square tower, which stands immediately at the foot of the descent of the Strudel. The waters are suddenly arrested in their most headlong career, and, being turned thus abruptly from their course, they toss and whirl in a thousand conflicting directions, which, while it made even the powerful steamer quiver and heave as if upon the ocean, would seriously endanger the swamping of any light or fragile vessel. But long before this or any description of

them could be given, we were past, and gliding again in smooth water. The first object which next attracted attention, was the picturesque village of St. Nicolai, with a stream running through it out of a wooded ravine, in which were several mills. The banks of the Danube are, here, especially beautiful. The hills are clothed with woods glowing in numerous varieties of green of the most brilliant hues, and intersected by rocky ravines. The strong though now quiet current only marked its great rapidity by countless circlets on its mottled surface, and we glided swiftly onwards to the termination of the gorge. Here stands the castle of Persenburg, one of the most ancient in Austria, and in perfect repair, having been a favourite residence of the late emperor, Francis the First. Just opposite to it is the village of Ips; and now the hills recede, the line of the Styrian Alps is again seen; and a sweep of the river soon brought us to the magnificent monastery of Mlk. This vast edifice is, perhaps, still finer from the water than on

land. The town lies crouching at its feet, and the long line and irregular buildings of the river front are seen blended with the crags of the rock on which it stands, and the trees of its terraced garden. Again the rocks close upon us, and the shadows of the mountains cover us. Perched on a pinnacle of rock, like an eagle's nest, are the ruins of the robber-hold of Aggstein, of which, and of whose celebrated owner, Hadmar von Kuenring, so many romantic tales are current. But a little further, we come upon the still more interesting castle of Dürrenstein, long the prison of Richard the First. This remarkable fortress also belonged to Hadmar, to whose custody Leopold of Austria had consigned him. It is built on a rugged ridge of jagged rocks, which run in a steep incline into the river. It is now a heap of ruins, having been blown up by the Swedes in 1645. We now came upon the town of Stein, a place of size and consideration, where the vessel halted for a short time. Near here we passed the Vienna steamer, the "Marianna," on her way to

Linz. We had now passed through almost all the beautiful part of our day's voyage, till just before reaching Vienna. The only object which attracts any attention over the dreary flat which the river traverses, is the enormous convent of Gottwich, which, considering the distance from where it is seen, appears even bigger than that of MÖlk. We had time, therefore, to turn our attention to the vessel which was conveying us and those on board. At an early period of the day we had consoled ourselves with some excellent soup and veal cutlets, which we ate in the carriage, in order, at the same time, to enjoy the views. The vessel is the "Sophia;" she is an iron boat, the only one *now* upon the Danube, and commanded by Captain Rau. This gentleman is a Dutchman; he speaks English perfectly, and gave us much information with the greatest readiness. The number of steamers now in the hands of the company is found to be quite insufficient, and six new ones are in progress at various places. They are to be of iron, and the engines, which are all ma-

nufactured at Bolton's factory, near Birmingham, will be sent by water to Trieste. One of the new packets is now building at Marseilles, and will be fetched by Captain Rau in the course of next May. Among the passengers was Herr Benvenuti, an opulent merchant of Vienna, and one of the principal directors of the Steam Navigation Company. This gentleman was most kind and civil; he enlightened us on many points relative to the navigation of the Danube, and took us over the vessel in which we then were, which had three most commodious and excellent private cabins, furnished with beds and sofas. Passing the village of Tulln, where the armies of John Sobieski and the Prince of Lorraine united to rescue the Emperor Leopold and Vienna from the Turks in 1683, we reached the castle of Griefenstein. Here the hills again descend to the river, the woods clothe its banks, and the imposing towers of Klosterneuberg shortly open upon the view. A few minutes longer, and the vessel was safely moored at the village of Neusdorf. The

shore was crowded. The agitation on board the steamer became tenfold increased. Handkerchiefs waved to handkerchiefs, hats to hats; screams of recognition rent the air, mingled with the cries and curses of porters, drivers, hostlers, and hackney coachmen, shouts of laughter, roaring of the steam-engine, cracking of whips, hollering, and the neighing of horses. Amidst this confusion, the passengers were received into a temporary tent, guarded by Austrian soldiers, where the passports were given up, and some of the luggage examined. This latter operation we escaped; and, after a considerable delay, four horses were *fastened*, I cannot say *harnessed*, to the carriage, and we started for the city. A ragged, roguish looking fellow, like an Irishman, climbed upon the trunk to drive, while a semi-naked ragamuffin sprang upon the back of one of the leaders. We started off whooping and yelling through the mob, at a rapid and irregular trot, our two postilions keeping up an incessant conversation with each other, and, without any detention at the gates,

were safely driven by our strange conductors to the hotel of the Ertzhertzog Karl, where rooms, which we had previously ordered, were prepared for us. We were glad to get a good wash, for the little drive from Neusdorf had covered us with as thick a coating of dust as though we had performed the whole of our journey by land. Thus a passage which, two years ago, had taken us, by land, twenty-three long and fatiguing hours, was performed, by water, with perfect ease and comfort, in only eleven! The weather had been cold and gloomy in the morning, but cleared about mid-day, and continued lovely during the remainder.

Friday, Sept. 20, 1839.—I remained at home all day.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1839.—We went this morning to the Royal Imperial Treasury. The crown jewels are fine. There are three or four diamonds of great size, beside two pink ones, of considerable magnitude and beauty. There are also some good silver bas-reliefs, and a small room with dishes of

Raphael china, set in compartments in the ceiling. The rest consists of clocks, pieces of mechanism, agate vases, &c. &c., of a very ordinary kind. We went to some shops, and paid some visits. Among the latter, we called at the English ambassador's. He was ill in bed with the gout, and saw nobody, and the business was transacted by the chargé d'affaires, Mr. Milbank. Having made up our minds for a tour in Hungary, I was anxious to obtain every sort of information and assistance, and Prince Metternich being unfortunately absent, I saw Mr. Milbank. This gentleman was not absolutely uncivil, but he was far from courteous; his manners are indifferent and repugnant. He treated me with the utmost nonchalance, and neither gave me assistance nor information. I understand that this is his usual style, and that he gives as much dissatisfaction to all parties as his master, Lord Beauvale, does the contrary. Fortunately, however, we did not want his aid; M—— had a letter of introduction to Mr. Schwarz, No. 1122, Graben, of whose kind-

ness and cordiality to us it is impossible to speak in too high terms. He is the consul general for the United States of America ; and, besides giving us much valuable information, he furnished us with letters to parties at Pesth, which were of great service. From Mr. Benvenutie, the director of the Steam Navigation Company, we also received the greatest kindness ; he furnished us with four letters, one addressed to all the captains on the line between Vienna and Orsova, and the others to the resident directors at Semlin, Drenkova, and Alt Orsova, to pay us every possible attention, and to enable us to see all that was worthy of observation. In the evening we went to the theatre, in the Josephstadt, to see Mayerbeer's Opera of the Hugonots ; the story of which was singularly altered, and the name changed to " The Ghibbelines in Pisa."

Sunday, Sept. 22, 1839.—At home.

Monday, Sept. 23. 1839.—To-day was taken up in final preparations for our journey. We had intended to have gone by

the steamer to Presburg, and thence to Pesth, but the waters of the Danube were so low that the vessels could not come higher than the former place. We therefore decided to go a portion of the way by the Brunn railroad, and the remainder in a carriage to Presburg. We bought maps and guide-books at Artaria's, the former of which are most excellent, but there are none good of the latter. In the evening we saw Spohr's Opera of Jesonda, which is very good, and was most admirably sung and acted by Madame Van Hasselt, the prima donna.

Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1839.—The train was to start at two o'clock. The whole morning was taken up in packing and arranging, for the carriage was left at Vienna, and our stock of luggage reduced to what we conceived to be *the smallest possible quantity*. Our estimate, however, was regulated by the requisition that that quantity should contain every luxury we could want, and we started, therefore, as if for the Pampas. Provisions of all sorts, teapot, kettle, warm-

ing-pan, sheets, cloaks, plate, and the *medicine chest*, &c. &c. To what extent all this is necessary, time will show. A little before the appointed time, we arrived in a fiacre at the railway station, at the entrance of the Prater. It is a handsome and commodious building, with a staircase leading up to the waiting-rooms, which open upon the platform for the carriages. These are, like our own, of various classes, (and also take private carriages,) the first class being close, and the others open. They are divided into stalls, like ours, of which they are, evidently, an inferior imitation. The engines are all English or Belgian, and managed by English engineers. The one which conveyed us was made by Cockerel of Liege. Precisely at the hour of two the train started. We soon came upon the first bridge, which is thrown over an arm of the Danube, and a few seconds more brought us to the second, which traverses the main river. Towards the south, the stream is enlivened by water mills moored in the river; and northward is a good view of a portion of the city and the

Leopoldsberg. The line now opens upon a vast dreary plain, whose scanty soil is well cultivated, without any enclosures to mark the boundaries of property. In various directions isolated towns appear, with white church towers grouped among a few poplars, cutting the line of the horizon. Towards the north, low, vine-clad hills rise from the plain, while the extreme distance is bounded by the irregular outline of the lesser Carpathian mountains. The train travelled at a rapid pace, and was remarkably easy. The first pause is at the celebrated village of Wagram. Here we remained eight minutes, and then proceeded with the same rapidity. This railway is intended to have two lines of rails, but both of them are as yet only laid as far as Wagram; as, however, we passed several workmen employed in fixing them, it is probable that both will shortly be completed. They are laid on horizontal sleepers of wood. After passing under two brick bridges, we reached the termination of our railroad trip, at the station of Gausendorf, which is its spot

nearest to Presburg. Several public carriages were here waiting for the passengers to take them to that city, and tickets were even given at the office in Vienna for securing places. We soon, however, discovered that *possession* was nine points of the law in Germany, for a general rush was made towards them by the crowd, who, like ourselves, had been disappointed of the Danube packet, and every vehicle was filled before we had time to look round us. We were not, however, singular in this disappointment; numbers still remained to be accommodated; but while we waited patiently for the arrival of more conveyances, we resolved to profit by what we had just witnessed, and seize, "*vi et armis*," on the first carriage that came. Two shortly arrived, and we succeeded in our appropriation. It was a light calèche, driven with three horses abreast, the off-horse being clumsily attached by a bar fastened to a rod of iron, which was secured to the axle of the hind wheel. The road is for many miles over the dreary plain, without a human

habitation in view, and itself a mere turf track, formed by the agricultural carts of the peasantry. We passed three miserable looking villages, a pond, and a herd of swine, at full trot to their homes, and then reached the fine stream of the March, which is the boundary in this direction between Austria and Hungary. We crossed it by a long wooden bridge, and immediately after reached a village, where we were surprised to find all the carriages which had left the railroad long before us, drawn up in melancholy array before a custom-house. A heavy shower had been falling for some time, and had not entirely ceased, when the custom-house officer, with all the insolence of office, apparently augmented by the natural ill-temper of his disposition, if one might judge by his sour-croût visage, ordered everything to be undone. In the drizzling rain, on the muddy road, was every single thing opened and carefully examined by him, accompanied with many an oath and ill-humoured remark ; and the old sheets which we had brought were compelled to

be paid for, because, the officer said, there were sheets in Hungary, and that we did not want them. I never knew a custom-house where so much insolence and trouble were given. I am informed by parties who have come to Presburg, both by the ordinary post-road on the south side of the river, and also by the steam-packet, that there is *no* Hungarian custom-house whatever. We were at length suffered to proceed, with everything in such confusion, that we were obliged to carry some things loose on our knees, among which were the two pairs of sheets which had given such offence. We had now got upon a chaussée, which, however, was more rough and uneven than the track across the plain. The road crosses a low part of the mountains, towards which we had been making direct; and we reached Presburg under the light of a full, clear, harvest moon. We put up at the hotel of the “Drei Linden,” where we had taken the precaution previously to order rooms. As the packet by which we intend to proceed starts punctually at five o’clock to-

morrow morning, we can form no opinion of the beauties of Presburg, which looked large and deserted beneath the rays of the cold moon.

Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1839. — Personal experience of the difficulty of moving a German was the probable cause of the hotel being in a state of the utmost confusion a full hour before there was any necessity to be stirring, and also occasioned my being beset with the most urgent messages to be off, as the packet was in the very act of starting, and in a moment more would be gone. Aware that we were within one minute's walk to the vessel, and that it wanted a full half hour to five o'clock, I paid no attention to these needless importunities, and, after all, we were on deck twenty minutes before the steamer was in motion. A vast concourse were assembled, in all about one hundred and eighty-four passengers. These were divided into groups, conversing in German, Magyar, or Latin, or walking about the deck, waiting for the "moving of the waters." The moon hung

high in the western heavens, and a golden hue began gradually to spread itself over the eastern horizon. By degrees the light extended over the peaks of the Carpathian hills, and the silver line on which we were floating reflected back the increasing glow upon the whitewashed houses and square castle of Presburg. This building is now in ruins, having been accidentally destroyed by fire, as far as regards the interior, in 1811, in which condition it has been suffered to remain. It is, however, a spot of much interest, from having been the scene of the celebrated appeal of Maria Theresa in 1741 to her Hungarian nobles. As an object it is most unsightly, except at a distance, being a mere square block, with four towers at the corners. The various steeples of the city were sounding the hour of five as the vessel slowly moved from her moorings, and, wheeling round, glided down the rapid flood. The banks are lined with woods of the same kind as those on the islands and flat parts of the shore between Linz and Vienna, which, though almost en-

tirely consisting of willow, are yet very beautiful. We passed along the side of a remarkable rapid, giving the effect of the river being elevated above its natural level. The sun now rose over the horizon, and the city, which was still visible, appeared to much greater advantage, its castle-crowned outline being good, and the deficiency being in its details. The difficulties of the navigation commence about half an hour from Presburg. The sand-banks multiply on every side, and the proper channel becomes more shallow and uncertain. Large flights of wild ducks, roused from their haunts among the brushwood, wheeled over our heads, and on a bare sand-bank lay the half decayed body of a horse, which had probably expired there when towing some barge up the powerful current. Nothing disturbs the vast solitudes of this mighty river, yet its magnitude, the rapidity of the stream, and variety of its islands and wooded shores, never suffer it to become tedious for a moment.—We now followed the multitude to breakfast. It consisted of chocolate in large

glass tumblers, and some brown rye bread, which is not unpalatable. When we again got on deck, we were passing a succession of those picturesque mills, with their huge water-wheels, in which this river abounds. But our attention was soon directed towards a group of about forty horses, ridden by men in bundas, with three-cornered hats, who were wading through the water, nearly in the middle of the channel, and towing two large barges, which seemed constructed after the fashion of Noah's ark. While thus occupied, our vessel suddenly struck; a few backward strokes of the engine released her; but the captain was a fool, and knew not how to take advantage of this circumstance, so that in a few moments the force of the current again drove her onwards, and fixed us firmly upon a concealed sandbank. This would, in any case, have been provoking, but the conduct of the captain rendered it still more irritating. He seemed neither surprised nor concerned, but kept calmly walking up and down, curling his mustachios. As something, however, must

be done, poles were put into the river, and it was attempted, but in vain, to shove us off. The same operation was tried with a pulley and rope in various parts of the ship, but with the same result: we were perfectly fast; and, what rendered this still more provoking was, that another and a smaller steamer was waiting for us at a short distance down the river, for the express purpose of conveying us to Pesth over worse shallows. After four hours and a half spent in this useless and ignorant manner, it was determined to land all the passengers in boats upon the bank, and see if this would sufficiently lighten the vessel. The shore, at this time, presented a very animated sight; it was covered with Hungarian peasants, dressed in leather jackets, or in bundas, with huge coarse linen trousers, of such a size as to resemble petticoats, and large circular hats round at the top, and with the broad brim turned up like a saucer, or three-cornered ones, like those in Baden and that district. Fifty or sixty horses, employed to tow the barges, stood

among this group. Some of the men lay basking in the hot sun, while others, mounted on their steeds, galloped about the plain, shouting and cracking their whips, or performing equestrian evolutions, the exact object of which we were at a loss to discover. Three large boats, like punts, were put in requisition, and we began slowly to discharge our live lumber. We remained perfectly quiet, resolved to be the last to go, if such became absolutely necessary, but hoping that when we were disburdened of about one hundred and eighty persons, we might escape the trouble of this supernumerary disembarkation. In this piece of diplomacy we had the good fortune to succeed, and ourselves and six other persons remained on board. We now amused ourselves by going to dinner, and while quietly discussing the boullie, we had the great satisfaction to feel the steamer swinging round, and once again floating in deep water. A very considerable time, however, had again to elapse before the passengers could be reshipped ; and what was, perhaps,

as vexatious as any part of this stupid business, was, that in half an hour we reached the Arpad steamer, which had been waiting to convey us to Pesth since five o'clock in the morning. The whole of the previous operation had again to be renewed, and we had cause to rejoice that we ourselves were not among the number. The moment also was unfortunate. Those who had remained on board had dined at their ease; but the soup was in the mouths of the others, when the signal to leave the Nador and her dinner was given. From all these circumstances, it was half past four o'clock, while we were still about twenty miles from Presburg, and all hope or possibility of reaching Ofen that evening was totally at an end. It therefore became necessary to think a little about our night's lodging, and as there were so many ladies on board, I did not like to monopolise more of the accommodations of the vessel than was absolutely necessary; we therefore secured one of the cabins, in which we could lie down and sleep without exposure to the

night air. The sunset was glorious, and the moon shortly rose with her accustomed beauty. We stopped a few minutes at Gonyö, and there being no difficulties in the navigation, proceeded all night. The scene now on board was curious. All the cabins were quite full. Sofas, tables, and floors, strewed with men, women, and children, disposed asleep in all directions. In various parts of the deck, mattresses were distributed, on which many a snoring occupant lay wrapped in his cloak or bunda. Before midnight the silence was unbroken, except by the splash of the paddles, and the deep breathing of the sleepers. On the shore we passed many watch-fires gleaming through the gloom of the forest, and the houses and spires of the churches in the villages by which we were gliding, shone in bright relief against the starry firmament. I remained for some time upon deck, and frequently during the night started from my slumbers on the cabin hammock to see the dim outline of some place of interest. We proceeded rapidly, without in-

terruption, till we reached the town of Kormorn, where is a bridge of boats. It was not yet half past eight o'clock, but the bridge authorities refused for some reason to let us pass till the morning dawn; and it was not till after much angry expostulation from the captain, and annoying delay, that we got it opened. About midnight we reached Gran. The outline of its situation is fine, and we were again among the hills; but all detail was invisible, and I therefore, ensconced myself in the cabin till the three reports from our signal-gun proclaimed that we had reached Pesth.

Thursday, Sept. 26, 1839.—The dawn was breaking upon the heights of Ofen before we left the steamer. I therefore contented myself with washing and dressing in my room at the hotel of the “Roi d’Hongrie;” and, a little before seven o'clock, walked out to take a look at the city. Its massive outline had looked imposing even in the dim moonlight, and did not now in any degree disappoint the expectations which might be thus formed of it. Pesth

and Ofen (or Buda, as it is called in Magyar) are situated on the two opposite sides of the Danube, the former on the left, and the latter on the right bank. They are at present only united by a bridge of boats; which the ice, in the winter season, compelling to be removed, totally destroys for a time all communication between them. A chain-bridge is, therefore, in contemplation. The plans have been approved of, and the work will be commenced next spring. The architect, Mr. Clark, is now at Pesth. Independent of the commercial and social advantages of this bridge, its erection is a matter of great national importance, from its being the instrument whereby a great moral and political prejudice has been overcome. The feudal distinctions of lord and serf prevail with such force in Hungary, and some of the adjoining countries, as to amount almost to the separation of caste. The Hungarian noble is subject to no kind of tax or impost, all of which are levied on the wretched cultivators of the soil. There is a toll leviable for pass-

ing the bridge at Ofen, but no well-dressed person can be asked for it, from the chance of his proving to be a noble ; whereas the wretch whose loose sheepskin, matted locks, sparkling eye, and swarthy complexion, mark him for a serf, must pay the pittance which may deprive him of a day's meal, but which may on no account be made to diminish the gambling fund of his imperious lord. The chain-bridge has established a new principle. All who cross it, *without any distinction*, are to pay a toll : and the noble and the slave are, for the first time in Hungary, placed upon an equality. The quay on which it is to be placed, is a very fine architectural street, having an imposing effect from every point of view, and especially from the river. Its façade, however, is as yet its only recommendation. The road is not paved, and, except a convenient trottoir for the foot-passengers, is one mass of dust and filth. The market had commenced. There was a profusion of fruit and vegetables, and a row of twelve or fourteen carts filled with live poultry of all

kinds, which kept up an incessant noise, and amply saved the vender from the trouble of drawing attention to his goods. Strings of small Hungarian horses stood also ready for sale. They are small, slender-limbed animals, but active, and capable of enduring much fatigue, and some of them are sufficiently handsome. The shore was crowded with barges, containing corn and flour in sacks, which are brought from the mills upon the river, and the millers were busied in stowing them in carts upon the quay. Many groups of peasants were standing about, idling or conversing, or hurrying to and fro on errands; and, altogether, the barges on the water, the active population on the land, the ringing of the church bells, and the beauty of the bright sunny morning, made it a scene of great animation. It was necessary, for the prosecution of our plan, which embraced an overland journey from Alt Orsova across the Puszta to this place again, that we should procure a carriage of the country, and also a servant who could talk the Mag-

yar and Slavonic languages. Having breakfasted, therefore, we proceeded to deliver the letters of introduction which had been so obligingly given us by Mr. Schwarz at Vienna. The first was to Herr Ebner, a wholesale fur-merchant, who received us with great kindness, and engaged to provide us with a native guide in whom we might confide. This matter, and the purchase of a carriage, being settled, we proceeded to deliver the second letter of introduction, which was addressed to Mons. Joseph von Horváth Szent - Gyorgy K. K. Wirke Kämmerer, &c. &c. This imperial grand-chamberlain was, however, far away at his country residence, and not expected to return to Pesth before November. We then made up our minds to introduce ourselves to the patriotic Count Szechenyi, whose kindness and cordiality to the English are almost proverbial; but he was unfortunately also absent at Presburg, and would not return for about a week. Without more delay, therefore, we proceeded to see as much of the city as the time would allow. We

visited a huge building, now used as a cavalry barrack, which was commenced by the Emperor Joseph II.,—for what purpose is not exactly known. Its plan is singular, consisting of a large interior square, at the angles of which are square buildings. The present military force quartered at Pesth and Ofen is about six thousand, who are changed every two months. We now crossed the river by the bridge of boats, and drove to the hot sulphureous spring called the Kaiser Bad. It is very warm, and taken both internally and by baths. Close to it is a building having four round towers, with conical roofs, once a Turkish fort, but now used as a water-mill. It bears so little resemblance to its original purpose, that it would be passed by without notice, if not especially pointed out. On a rising ground near here stands the tomb of a Turkish Santon, which is still so much venerated, that parties yet make pilgrimages to it from the East. It is a small octagonal building, built of stone, and service is constantly performed in it by a resident Mohammedan

priest. The view from it is exquisitely beautiful, looking either up or down the river, especially the former. We proceeded on to the citadel of Buda. This is no longer a place of defence, but the fortifications have been converted into a terrace walk, high above the river, and the valley which lies to the west of the town. The situation of Buda is remarkable. An isolated hill rises abruptly from the bank of the Danube, surrounded on every side by a deep valley. This valley, on the side farthest from the river, is hemmed in by an amphitheatre of hills, chiefly covered with the vineyards which produce the Ofner wines, and abruptly terminated by the rocky mountain of the Bloxberg. The most conspicuous object here is the Palace of the Palatine, a vast structure of Italian architecture, with rich hanging gardens descending to the river. From it is a splendid prospect of the whole city of Pesth, and the windings of the Danube; and perhaps the fine buildings of the quay look nowhere to greater advantage than from this

spot. We now descended into the gorge which separates this part of Ofen from the Bloxberg, and visited the old Turkish baths which lie at its base. The most singular of the two which exist in this quarter is called the Hidasfördö. It is in perfect repair, and used indiscriminately by the common people, men and women, who bathe here together "*in puris naturalibus*." We traversed a narrow court, and passing through a small porch or vestibule, entered, by an unfastened swing-door, into a gloomy apartment. The outer walls of this room are square, having large semicircular niches at the corners, in which the bathers can sit. The bath itself is rectangular, surmounted by a domed ceiling, which is supported by eight massive stone columns placed at the angles. The centre of the dome has a small round opening to let out the vapour, which is very considerable, the water being of a great heat. There are square windows in the outer walls, which, however, from the accumulation of dirt upon them, give very

little light. By the yellow gloom, however, we could distinguish the singular scene. About a dozen persons of both sexes were assembled, stark naked, some wading about in the water, others sitting on the stone edge of the reservoir, or lying asleep on the brink, with only a portion of their limbs immersed in it, while some of the women were standing up in the bath, employed in combing their long greasy locks, or performing the friendly office of critically examining the capillary wilderness of her neighbour, in order to rid it of any of its wonted but unwelcome inhabitants. The heat from the volumes of vapour, which have no sufficient means of escape, is very great, and made our return to the fresh air peculiarly delightful. Although what we just witnessed had not been of the most inviting description, our curiosity induced us to proceed a little further to the Sarosfördö, where the scene was precisely similar, except that *here* there was some slight regard to decency, the bathers being all clothed

round the loins. The water here is still hotter, and the steam consequently more oppressive. The bathers lay about on the brink of the bath, in various attitudes, like so many dead bodies, and the yellow dingy light cast over them its cadaverous hue, so as to remind me of the celebrated models of the Plague in the Anatomical Museum at Florence. The building differs slightly from the other bath, being a sexagon. We now returned to the hotel. In consequence of a change of masters it was in the utmost confusion, and unable to give us a dinner, for which we went to the hotel of "Le Corne de Chasse," a badly situated inn, but where we had an excellent feast. After dinner we bought some bundas, and then drove to the observatory on the top of the Bloxberg. The view towards the south is only more *extensive* than that from the citadel, where the eye ranges over the boundless plain through which the Danube sweeps its tortuous course, until the prospect is lost in undefinable distance. It was dusk before we regained the hotel, promising to

ourselves to complete the investigation of Pesth on our return from our Hungarian tour.

Friday, Sept. 27, 1839.—We were on board the “Francis the First” by five o’clock, the hour fixed for our departure, but at that moment the bridge opened and let through several large unwieldy barges, which compelled us to wait a quarter of an hour, by which time they had passed. The city looked magnificent in the beams of the rising sun. On passing the Bloxberg, we came upon a succession of mills, situated where the river throws out two arms of nearly the same width. We chose the left hand branch, the other being extremely shallow, and were soon fairly launched into the plain which we had observed the evening before from the Bloxberg. Although the hills had now totally vanished, the scene is not in the least monotonous or tiresome. The banks are skirted with trees, and I observed a mixture of oak on some of the islands, among the alder and willow. They also vary in height, amounting sometimes almost to cliffs, and the rising grounds are

chequered with vines. The towns and villages become more frequent, and their white glistening church towers relieve the sense of depopulation, which is one of the chief characteristics of this river. The shores, however, became flatter and flatter, and vast forests spread on both sides of us. We stopped at the pretty town of Duna Földvár, (to take in some merchandise,) a place prettily situated in the recess of a sandy rock. In a voyage on board a steamer, where parties must remain together some days and nights, it becomes a subject of interest to investigate the company with whom one is doomed to associate. In this instance we were particularly fortunate. The principal persons on board were a Walachian nobleman and his wife, Ottele Tshan by name, and the Austrian Secretary of Legation at Jassy in Moldavia, Mons. Schweger Dürnstein. There was a lady of much consideration at Baja, the Baroness Lepanowich, a widow, whose son was in a military command there, in the Austrian service. We found, likewise, a very quiet

and agreeable lady, Madame Hoffman, the wife of an opulent gentleman of Sclavonia, possessed of extensive copper mines in the neighbourhood of Moldava, where she subsequently went on shore. There were others on board, but not worth remembering, with the exception of a long-bearded Greek Papa, who could only speak Romainic, and a very little bad Italian. From the Boyard and Mr. Dürnstein we received very interesting information relative to Hungary, Servia, and the adjacent states of Walachia, Transylvania, and Moldavia. All these provinces are far more under Russian than Austrian influence, Hungary and Transylvania excepted. Upon the successful revolution which emancipated the Servians from the yoke of Turkey, a trifling tribute became payable to the Porte, while the fortresses of Belgrade, Semendria, and Neu Orsova, were handed over to them for Turkish garrisons. As places of offence or defence, they are absolutely valueless; but as one fondly clings to the memory of an object once possessed and loved, even

when its intrinsic value is no more, so the Turks still prize these wrecks of their former dominion in these parts, and have rendered them seats of pashas, and pageants of departed power. But, in reality, the Servians have only transferred themselves to Russia, while they flatter themselves that they are free. The Walachians are, to a certain extent, similarly situated. They have always been independent, constitutionally speaking; but, in matters of personal protection, are now indebted to Russia. The navigation of the Danube, below Orsova, not ten years ago, was dangerous, from the constant piracies committed by the Turks; but since the interference of Russia, and the protection she has afforded, the river is now at all times secure. The population of Hungary is estimated at about nine millions, that of Transylvania at two millions, Walachia the same, and Moldavia about one million. Walachia and Moldavia have long had a free constitution of their own. Their monarchy is elective, which election is by the Boyards, or nobles, and

their sons, and its duration for life. The present sovereign is Prince Ghika. This election, however, requires to go through the form of *confirmation* from the Porte; and though this was never refused, in case of the individual proving hostile to Turkish interests, he was invited to Constantinople, and consigned to the tender mercies of the keeper of the bowstring. By the treaty of Adrianople, in 1826, Russia was constituted protectress of these states; and since that period such proceedings are at an end. The constitution of Moldavia is precisely similar, and Prince Stourzo is the present governor. Of the inhabitants of Transylvania, above half are Protestants; while in the other provinces which I have mentioned, the majority profess the Greek church. Mons. Tshan has some theories about the advantages of a union of Walachia and Moldavia into one *really* independent monarchy, which are chiefly founded on the aggregate amount of their population. He had not, however, taken sufficiently into his calculation their internal resources, and I

think his views were substantially erroneous. He is a man well informed about his own country, and very desirous of information about others. The kingdom of Hungary is remarkable for the number of distinct races and religions which it contains. The chief of these are the Magyar, who are about three millions and a half in number; the Sclavonic four millions; the Walacks above one million; the Germans half a million; the Jews two hundred thousand. The Sclavonic may be subdivided into no less than eleven dialects, namely, Sclavonians Proper, Sklaves, Slovaks, Szotaki, Ruthenen, Bohemians, Poles, Wends, Croats, Raitzen, and Bulgarians. Among the five hundred thousand Germans also are twelve different patois, each totally different from the other. As may be supposed, their religious professions are likewise extremely various. There are five millions of Roman Catholics, two millions one hundred and fifty thousand Protestants, who are of two sects, the Lutheran and evangelical; one million seven hundred thousand ununited Greeks, and six hundred

and thirty thousand of the Greek church, of which the former is alone recognised by the government, and about one thousand Armenians. Hungary has four mining districts; three of these are wholly situated in its northern quarter, along the district of the Tatra Mountains, and on the border of Transylvania; namely, Upper Hungary, of which the chief town is Schemnitz; Lower Hungary, having Szomolnok, near Kaschau, for its capital; and the district of Nagy Bánya. The fourth, called the Banat, lies on the Danube, in the south-eastern corner, blending with the mountains of Walachia, and has Temesvar for the chief city. Gold, silver, copper, lead, and coal, are the chief minerals; such of the last as is procured in the Banat is very good, and similar to our Derbyshire coal. Hungary is also celebrated for its breed of horses, for which purpose it possesses several breeding studs on an enormous scale. But one of the greatest of its peculiarities is the celebrated military frontier. This cordon extends for a distance of about one thousand

one hundred miles, severing the whole of the Austrian from the Turkish dominions. It commences on the Adriatic, and passing through Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, the Banat and Transylvania, terminates on the borders of Poland. It was originally founded as a protection against the Turks, and now serves as an impenetrable barrier against the plague, and a standing army of eighty thousand men, ready for active service at any moment, upon twelve hours' notice. It is not exactly known by whom this military organisation was commenced; but the Emperor Ferdinand the First, in 1560, granted, for defence and cultivation, a part of Croatia to some Catholic Croats and Raitzen, a Slavonic people, driven out of Illyria and Servia, and who have now spread themselves throughout Hungary and Transylvania. "The leading principle of the existing system is, that every male inhabitant of the military frontier is a soldier, as well as citizen and peasant; not merely that he be ready to serve on occasions, but to pass his whole life, from his eighteenth

to his sixtieth year, in almost uninterrupted military service. Reckoning the days passed on duty with those occupied in going to and fro from his watch-post, which is often two days' journey from his home, the Grenzer, or borderer, has not more than one-third of the year at his own disposal." As these trades of soldier and labourer agree together but badly, an agricultural officer is attached to each company, to attend to its interests. An uninterrupted chain of guard-houses, at intervals not exceeding two miles, extends from one end of the line to the other. By day, a sentinel is ever on the look-out, and by night the communication is maintained by patrols. Each station-house contains six or eight men, in a coarse brown kind of uniform, well armed; and during the continuance of the plague, any one not stopping when challenged is instantly shot. The *daily* duty in ordinary times, along the line, requires five thousand. If the plague is raging in Turkey, the force is augmented to eight thousand; and if it be known to be approaching, the number of men is doubled,

that is, raised to one-third of the entire male population. The total population of the military frontier amounted, in 1834, to one million one hundred and twenty-four thousand, who are divided into seventeen infantry and one hussar regiment, each under the command of a colonel, the whole being again grouped into four larger divisions, severally under the command of a general. There is, besides, an aquatic battalion of nine hundred men, called Kaighisten, (from the Turkish word kaigh, a boat,) who cruise up and down the Danube, Save, and Theiss, in small galleys carrying howitzers. This flotilla is furnished by the district on the *left* bank of the Danube, between Neusatz and the Theiss, and their headquarters are at Tittel on that river.

To return, however, to the packet. We proceeded onwards, between banks which became gradually less interesting from their increasing flatness; large timber-yards lined the shores, stored from the surrounding forests, from which, as I was informed, the robber was not yet entirely driven. Having

passed the town of Paks, we left the deck for the important operation of dinner, which was really very good. The incessant chatter, however, of the great Baroness Lepanowich, who was blessed with a peculiarly harsh and grating voice, was far from agreeable. It was one of that exclusive quality which refuses to blend with any other sounds, and though not noisy, the sharpening of a saw would not have been more distinctly audible. Towards the middle of our repast, the vessel suddenly stopped. The engineer, George Atkins, who was at table, sprang from his seat with such precipitation, that he knocked over the iron chimney pipe belonging to the stove in the cabin, and rushed upon deck. It is amusing to see how, in such circumstances as ours, the merest trifle becomes a matter of importance. Conjecture was alive on every face, and, for the first time, there was a moment's silence, even from the Baroness, while each looked at his neighbour with the evident desire to inquire "what could be the matter." In a minute, however, the

paddle-wheels again revolved, the vessel glided onward as before, and Mr. Atkins quietly resumed the discussion of the untasted morsel he had so abruptly left upon his plate. We stopped a moment at Tolna. On and onwards still floated the steamer at her wonted steady pace, and the sun had long sunk beneath the horizon before we drew up to the landing-place of the city of Baja. The scene which here awaited us was exquisitely beautiful and delightful. The moon had not yet risen, but the stars were bright and clear in the unclouded firmament. The broad silver sheet of the Danube rolled its vast volume beside us, while the shore was crowded by the wild forms of the Magyars. The voluble Baroness was here to leave us, and while a comfortable barge had been prepared for her reception, the military band of the regiment greeted her with national airs and waltzes of Beethoven, and songs of Rossini; watch-fires blazed around, and their strong glare was reflected upon the dark moving shadows which hurried to and fro among them, or

stood gazing on the vessel, which had not yet lost its interest and its novelty. As if in contrast to the luscious harmony of the band, between each pause the note of a solitary bagpipe was heard; and though it sounded in harsh and monotonous discord with the choicest melodies of Italy and Germany, yet its association with Britain made it sound not ungrateful to the ear, and *memory* lent it a charm at Baja, which it would not have had in my own native land. But the bustle of disembarkation is over—the Baroness and her friends gone. The band departed. The passengers and crew, too, had retired to their respective berths. On the bank, a small group of about half a dozen men were squatted round a fire which they had kindled in the midst, two of them holding a stick, to which was suspended a caldron with their evening meal. The broad ruddy blaze fell full on their swarthy features, forming a wild and interesting picture. At the entrance of the vessel, where it was united to the land by a platform, lay one of our crew as sentinel, wrapped in his

bunda, and stretched upon a sheepskin. All was still, but I lingered yet a moment on the silent deck. The evening was warm and delicious, not a vapour dimmed the jewelled and sparkling canopy over our heads; and the long red line of the lights of Baja extended before us across the little island of Gogany, which intervenes between the Danube and the main land. The town of Baja is not situated on the chief branch of the river. It contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is a military station of the Austrians, though not in the military frontier.

It was decided that we should remain stationary till the moon rose, and I now retired to my little comfortable cabin, and was soon sound asleep.

Saturday, Sept. 28.—I was awakened at half an hour past midnight by the action of the engine, and found that we were again in motion. It was not light when we reached Mohács, a place celebrated for the Turkish conquest gained by Solyman the Magnificent in 1526, so fatal to the in-

dependence of Hungary, and the equally decisive counter victory gained against them on the same spot in 1686 by the Austrians, under the command of Charles of Lorraine and Prince Eugene, which emancipated the country from their dominion. The town is very prettily situated among poplars, and the moon lighted up the two church towers which rise out of them. On the shore were women with baskets of fruit, clothed in coarse blue petticoats, short leather jackets lined with black sheepskins, and handkerchiefs tied close round their head and face. The costume of the men consisted in a large round hat, with a huge brim turned up, much resembling a soup plate with an apple dumpling in the middle. They had leather jackets and *vast* linen trousers, each leg of which was as loose and large as an ordinary petticoat. By the time we had unloaded all the cargo for this place, a thick fog had come on, and the navigation of the Danube being unsafe under such circumstances, we remained till it cleared. This occurred about two hours after sunrise, when

we proceeded. The scenery presents nothing remarkable—low shores, with forests of willow and alder. We stopped ten minutes at Apatin, and the first object of any interest was the ruined castle of Erdöd, immediately after passing the spot where the Danube receives the copious waters of the Drave. We had now entered Slavonia, of which that river forms the boundary. The banks now became rather more varied and picturesque, and we soon reached the pretty town of Vukovar, where is a handsome stone bridge over the river Vuka, and a chateau, with some pleasantly situated gardens. I went on shore, but saw nothing peculiar. We again proceeded. The sun had set, and we were all enjoying the lovely scene of the stars, as they gradually developed themselves one by one in the deepening ether. Suddenly there was a crash, and we knew that we had struck upon a sand-bank. The engine was instantly stopped, and a little judicious management got us off into deep water in a few minutes. The warning, however, was not to be neglected, and,

throwing out two anchors, we waited for the rising of the moon. The vessel now draws only four feet and a half of water. Passengers and crew once again betook themselves to rest, and I, ensconced in my cabin, followed their example.

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1839.—By about the same hour as the preceding night, the light was sufficient for us to proceed. After a few minutes' delay at Illok, we reached Neusatz, opposite to the important fortress of Peterwardine. This latter is a place of some strength, built on a low rock which rises abruptly from the river. It did not strike me as picturesque, though it has been most inappropriately called the Ehrenbreitstein of the Danube. We did not leave Neusatz till the morning dawn was breaking, when we proceeded to Karlowitz. This town, containing about 5,500 inhabitants, is chiefly noted as being the scene of the conference held in 1699, under the mediation of England and Holland, for the restoration of peace between Germany and the Turks. It is situated within the military

frontier which we entered at Peterwardine, but is especially exempted from the regulations of that district. Just beyond here the river Theiss falls into the Danube. The evening had been remarkably warm, and indeed sultry, and I could not help fearing that it portended some change of weather, which had hitherto been most favourable. The morning broke without the least appearance of fog upon the waters, but a fresh breeze sprang up with the sun, and blew directly against us. I had retired to my cabin, when a cry of "Belgrade" made me rush anxiously upon deck. I was now within view of the first Turkish city I had ever beheld. The crescent was to wave over its battlements, and the tall needle-like minaret was to take the place of the tower and steeple of the cross. To a certain extent, these expectations were realised. The fortress of Belgrade is situated upon an isolated rock, which rises out of the plain, in the angle of a peninsula formed by the Save and the Danube. On the right or south-western side of it lies, by the Save, the

christian portion of the town, while the Turkish city comes feathering down to the banks of the Danube. We remained some time at Semlin, part of which we occupied in its examination. It is a miserable looking village, surrounded by a wooden palisade, and the cleanest looking house in it is the residence of the agent of the Steam Navigation Company. Few of the streets are paved. Such as are so, are rough and uneven, and the others are mere sandy lanes. We bought some very fine grapes, to the amount of thirty-six pounds for one swanzig ! on our way to visit the "Contumatz." We could not enter one of the dens, as the person who had the key was absent, and would not return till after the packet had sailed. We saw enough, however, to congratulate ourselves that we were not inmates of it. The houses are separated by wooden pales and high walls; and if it keep off the plague, I should think it must substitute the blue devils. Having returned to the steamer, I took a sketch of Belgrade, which I much regretted that time would not allow us to

visit—an excursion which takes about four hours, and may be made in company with a quarantine officer from Semlin, “for a consideration.” But we were again steaming onwards with a violent wind in our teeth, and are now gliding close by the domes and minarets of Belgrade. This city contains a population of about 20,000 inhabitants, and belongs to Servia, though the fort is confirmed to the Turks by the treaty of Adrianople. From this quarter it is seen, prettily grouped with trees, out of which rise eleven minarets, and the domed roofs of their respective mosques. The hills which rise behind and around it are almost totally barren, and have a wild and desolate appearance. But the aspect of the place is altogether striking, and its interest is increased by its true orientalism. We passed some Turkish fishermen in boats, whose turbaned heads and lagune-sailed barks were very picturesque. One flag attracted our attention in Belgrade, which proved to be the residence of the Russian consul. That of the English consul, Colonel Hodges, was

not flying, we having passed him yesterday on the "Zerini," on his way to Vienna. The weather continued extremely disagreeable from the violence of the wind, which also much retarded our progress. But we were doomed to a much more important delay, for we had only left Semlin about an hour and twenty minutes when we again struck upon a shallow. The ropes were immediately put into judicious requisition, and every effort used to disengage us, but in vain. The boat was lowered, and the sailors who endeavoured to haul us off the sand-bank were in great danger of being swamped, from the violence of the wind. The steamer remained firm as a rock, and hour after hour rolled on, while the evening began rapidly to draw to a close. The seven hours we had lost on a similar occasion, before reaching Pesth, seemed on the point of being again realised, when, to our surprise and delight, we saw a large steamer rise, as it were, from the bosom of the waters, and come at a rapid pace up the river towards us. This was the more sur-

prising, as no such vessel was appointed to start from any point whereby she could have met us that time. She was recognised, however, as "The Eros," and I could not but feel how providential was her arrival at such a moment. The Eros is a very powerful steamer of 140 horse power, and is used to tow up the barges of merchandise to Pesth, which thereby accomplish, in ten or twelve days, what generally exceeded three weeks. She had then in tow three huge barges, laden with cattle, &c. On being hailed by the Franz, she disengaged herself from them, and came instantly to our assistance. The ropes were attached, first to the prow, and then to the stern; and as they fortunately did not break under the extreme tension to which they were subjected, we successfully got again into deep water, and parted, most grateful, from the friendly "Eros." We had, however, been delayed near three hours, and therefore decided, after this occurrence, and the navigation of the river becoming every moment more difficult, not to proceed

till daylight on the following morning. We, therefore, moored near the town of Panesova, a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, and total silence once again resumed her reign over our floating residence.

Monday, Sept. 30th, 1839.—The wind did not abate during the night, and rain began to fall. The sun rose a lurid orange colour, canopied with cloud; and shortly after a beautiful rainbow stretched its unbroken arch over the scene, one end of which was merged in the broad and foaming expanse of water, which is here nearly a mile and a half in width, and shortly becomes even still more extended. We now came upon some more interesting scenery, the wooded hills gradually approaching the Danube. At this point there is at all periods a certain draft of wind, which, however, was now greatly augmented by the gale continuing to blow with unabated vigour. We passed the very remarkable Turkish fortress of Semendria, of which I contrived to get a sketch, in spite of the wind and rain. Passing a Turkish ruin,

called the Castle of Kulich, we wound by a large wooded island on our left, and round a promontory formed by this ever-bending river, and at length reached the prettily situated village of Alt Moldava. Here we parted from Mrs. Hofmann, whose residence lay in the mining district of the Banat, which we had now entered. The violence of the wind rendered her disembarkation an unpleasant operation, as the shallowness of the water prevented the steamer from approaching the shore in this part. It was accomplished, however, without any disaster; and the Captain, Sig. Ferro, being of opinion that there was a sufficiency of water, decided to proceed to Drenkova. This passage is the most difficult which the steamers pass. In the other parts of the river the bed is only of sand and debris, and the worst which can happen is to stick fast, as had before occurred to us; but the mountains, beautifully clothed with rock and wood, were now the picturesque barriers of the stream, and its bed was jagged rocks, just concealed by the waves,

which would not have fixed us, but rendered the vessel, if entangled amongst them, liable to be battered to pieces by the force of the current. These difficulties, and the proximity of the mountains, were points not neglected by the robber chieftains of former days. The most beautiful specimen which remains of their strongholds, is that of the Servian Castle of Golumbaczes, consisting of several towers clustered together, and united by battlemented walls, on a pinnacle of rock above the river, so as to form a remarkably picturesque object. Above it is a large cavern, which, of course, we were unable to visit, even had it been worth the trouble. In the midst of the river rises abruptly a singular shaped rock, called Babakay, which, from the eddies formed by it, is a source of much alarm to the native boatmen. We safely passed through all these difficulties, and shortly reached Drenkova, the termination of our sojourn in the packet. The defile of Kazan, which we had now to penetrate before reaching Orsova, and the rocks and rapids of the famous

“iron gate,” have placed a hitherto insurmountable barrier to the passage of these large vessels; and light and commodious boats, calculated to hold within their cabin nearly twenty-six persons, have been built expressly for the purpose. The luggage and carriages are conveyed in other barges, but there are periods when even these vessels are unable to make the passage, or at least when the danger would render it objectionable to be attempted. To remedy this, a road has been constructed by the side of the river, (in some places blasted through the rocks, which here descend abruptly into it,) and which, though not yet entirely finished, is sufficiently so to be passable. It runs from Moldava to Skella, on the northern bank of the Danube, terminating below the iron gate, opposite Gladova, a town on the Servian territory. The violence of the wind had much abated, and the sunset made it probable that the morrow would be fine. It was, therefore, decided to continue our route by water, as there would be neither danger nor difficulty in the passage. Drenkova is a place which

had no existence till called into being by the Steam Navigation Company. As yet, it consists of one solitary house, totally unfurnished, but *intended* for an hotel, some warehouses, and one of the guard-houses of the Militariche Grenze. The situation, however, is beautiful, being placed in a sheltered bay, surrounded by wooded mountains, with the broad bosom of the silent flood sweeping onwards to the Black Sea. I had now become accustomed to the comforts of my narrow cabin, and the delicious ease of water-travelling; and it was not, therefore, without regret that I looked forward to the termination of our outward boundary, and the long land journey which awaited us on our return.

Tuesday, Oct. 1st, 1839.—On endeavouring last night to reach the door of my cabin, I found it surrounded by bales of goods of all sizes and descriptions, and in the midst one of the million Edelmänn, who, wrapped in embroidered cap and bunda, was engaged in registering the goods which were to be shifted from the vessel to the barges going

to Skella. Captain Ferro was obliged to do this immediately, without waiting for the morning; and a watch was kept all night by him upon the sinking of the water, which, if it had occurred rapidly during the night, would have materially endangered his return to Moldava. The steamer was, therefore, put in a state to start without inconvenience at any moment's notice, which, however, has not been rendered necessary.

The morning, though cloudy, was quiet, and all things being prepared, we bade farewell to Captain Ferro and his crew, and entered the boats built for the rapids of Kazan. We were still accompanied by M. and Madame Tshan, M. S. Dürnstein, the Greek Papa, and some others, and the carriage was promised by the evening, or early the next morning. The defile of Kazan, which we now entered, though interesting from the beauty of its scenery, is still more so from being the site of one of those astonishing works of the Romans, which still excite our wonder and admiration. The rocks on both sides descend per-

pendicularly into the river, and a road was constructed *against* them, overhanging the water, along the Servian bank, for many miles. Square holes, cut in the rock just below the high-water mark of the Danube, indicate where this balcony was carried. These marks render it probable that the platform of the road was supported by wooden beams, the ends of which were secured triangularly into the rock.

It is also probable that the average level of the Danube has risen since that period, as the interstices are now all just *below* the mark, whereas they might reasonably be expected to be found just *above* it. We did not find the rapids so alarming as they had been represented, and we glided down them without danger or difficulty. The boats are piloted by two men, with oars, placed fore and aft, and a momentary alarm was occasioned, in one part, by one of the steersmen losing his oar. We soon, however, regained it, though the race for it was amusing, as the force of the current caused it often to outstrip the boat, and shoot past

us. The stratification of the rocks is here very remarkable, being extremely distorted. We passed close by several Servian villages. The roofs are of rich brown red tiles, very flat, and reminding of Italian villages. The chimneys are all white; and also many of the fronts of the cottages, which altogether give a very brilliant appearance. Most of the towns have a detached wooded framework, containing one bell, probably common to the community, and used as an alarm-bell, in case of fire or other disaster. About the middle of the gorge we reached a celebrated cavern, known by the name of "Veterani's Höhle," from the circumstance of that gallant general having successfully defended it, with only about four hundred men against a very superior body of Turks, in 1692. This cave lies only a few feet above the road, on the Hungarian side, and we stopped for the quarter of an hour it takes to visit it. It has no stalactites, and is in no way remarkable from any other large hole in a mountain. Towards the termination of the defile, the rocks become

even more and more beautiful, rising like a cluster of pinnacles out of a mass of beech wood. Near here is an ancient Roman inscription, relative to the formation of the road. Though not near enough to distinguish the characters, we could see it plainly, and the disgrace it had sustained from the smoke of the Servian shepherds' fires, who, from its being situated in an arched cavity of the rock, have long found it a convenient place of shelter. It is an inscription of Trajan's, probably about 103, A. D. As we approached Orsova, a Servian boat glided by us, with a large bough of a tree stuck in the prow as a sail. A few minutes more, and we were moored at the last Austrian town upon the Danube. The well-known boat of the Steam Navigation Company had attracted most of the little population to the shore, and we found a group of persons in Turkish dresses, and a black Arab servant boy, besides Walacks and officials in abundance. In the midst was Mons. Dumartheray, the agent of the company, to whom I had a letter from Monsieur Benvenuti.

From him we received, during our whole stay at Orsova, the utmost kindness, attention, and civility, which I am sure arose less from the letter of the director, than from his own disposition to oblige all who apply to him. Leaving the group at the landing place, we hastened to the inn, knowing that, if we were not active in securing rooms, we had a chance of remaining in the street. It is a long straggling building, one story high, and containing only one good bed-room. Beyond this are three or four rooms, or rather pens, the walls of which are only deal boards, nailed together, with intervals of at least a quarter of an inch between each, admitting a most refreshing quantity of air, and affording no impediment to the curiosity of yourself or your next neighbour. I took possession of the habitable room, and M —— got one in an inn at a short distance, leaving our poor friends, the Walach, Austrian, and Greek, to contrive as they could. After wandering about the place for some time,

the two former got rooms at private houses, while the Papa contented himself with one of the pens. Our dinner was better than our lodging. The veal cutlets, beef, &c., were excellent, or at least quite palatable, to any hungry mortals; and the wine was very good. We dined all together in the salle, and were rather astonished to find that the individuals whom we had seen in Turkish dresses at our landing, were but "daws in borrowed feathers." They were three Englishmen, who were just returned from Egypt. They had also in their company two Prussians, officers in the service of the sultan, and who had been at the battle of Nezib, and the Arab boy. It was asserted that the latter was a woman in disguise, but this was probably a piece of scandal. Under the superintendence of Mr. Dumartheray we arranged to visit the Pacha of the fortress of New Orsova tomorrow, and the Iron Gate the next day, previous to our leaving Orsova for the baths of Mehadia. We retired to rest full of

pleasing anticipations, and dreaming of Turks, infidels, and heretics, till the morning dawn.

Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1839.—Everything at Orsova is military. The innkeeper can only charge for his accommodation the sums authorised in a tariff drawn up and signed by the commandant. By his permission we fixed two o'clock for our visit to the Pacha, and we employed the morning in examining the town, and taking a sketch. On going out in the morning, we found our friends, the Boyard, Madame Tschan, and Mons. S. Dürnstein on the point of entering the galley which was to convey them down the really perilous passage of the Iron Gate, to proceed to Crajova, Bukarest, and Jassy. We saw them safely off, and then walked on to the Parlatorium. This is the place where the mercantile transactions of the three nations, the Austrians, Walachians, and Servians, are carried on. The quarantine regulations, rigidly enforced in these frontiers, prevent all contact between the inhabitants ; and the skella,

or market, is therefore conducted in a peculiar manner. The Parlatorium is a long oblong shed, open all round, but roofed in. It is divided into three parts by wooden palings, and in the centre is another place partitioned, with a table in it for the quarantine and custom-house officers, who are on these occasions attended by an armed guard. The side nearest the river, on the brink of which the building stands, is for the Servians; the eastern division is occupied by the Walachians; and the Austrians appropriate the remainder. Every bargain is carried on through the quarantine officers. The money and articles to be exchanged are received by them with sundry personal precautions, and washed in vinegar, or fumigated, according to its nature, before the transfer is permitted to take place. Not far from here is a building in the nature of a quarantine, where dealings with the Turks are conducted, but I did not see the interior. The little town of Orsova has a cheerful appearance, and its situation is extremely beautiful. The river sweeps majestically

through its wooded hills, and the Servian bank sparkles with its white houses and rich brown, tiled roofs. To the north-east rises a mountain, called the hill of Alliom, which, from its position at an elbow of the Danube, commands a fine and extensive prospect, up and down the river, and over the mountains of Transylvania, Walachia, and Servia. The fortress of Neu Orsova sits brooding in the midst of the broad waters, reminding one of the Boromean Islands; and to the north lies the valley leading to the baths of Mehadia. No person can cross the frontier for a moment, or touch anything belonging to the surrounding countries, without being subjected to a ten days' "contumatz" at the least, unless he be accompanied by an officer of the quarantine, and another of the customs, which are granted by the authority of the military commandant. Our visit, therefore to the Pacha at Neu Orsova, being duly authorised by that functionary, was attended by these two officials; and it being announced by them that the boat was ready,

we embarked with our Pesth servant in the capacity of interpreter. Notice had been previously sent to the pacha, who intimated his pleasure to receive us. On reaching the shore of the island, we were received at the gate of the fortress by the dragoman and two Turkish soldiers, of a ludicrously farouche appearance. One of them remained at the Pacha's, while the other proceeded with us during the whole of our inspection. He was a thin, tall, aged, scarecrow looking fellow, with a dress faded and ragged, and a musket which seemed more for ornament than use, though it was little enough of the former: he had long sandy moustachios, and a comical expression of feature, such as, were it not for his oriental head-dress, one might imagine to have suited Don Quixote, had he ever indulged in a fit of laughter. A low salaam from the dragoman welcomed us to Neu Orsova, with a speech expressive of the satisfaction the Pacha would derive from our visit. This preliminary being ended, we formed into a sort of procession; the dragoman, supported

by his two guards of honour, led the way, and we followed, flanked by the quarantine and douane officers, with a rear-guard of two other soldiers. Being duly warned to touch nothing but what they should permit, we passed through the gate of the fort, and entered a large court, or "Place," in which stood the house of the Pacha. This building consists of a quadrangle, surrounded on three sides by a circular arched colonnade, raised on a balcony, which we reached up a rough inclined plain and some irregular steps. At the right hand corner of this is situated the hall of audience, a square room without any furniture, having windows the whole of two sides of it, which, from being at an angle of the building, commands a view of the entrance gate, and all round the island. Under these windows is a step, about a foot from the floor, covered with cushions, and in a sort of recess is a fireplace, the top of which is curiously ornamented in a Turkish pattern. In the middle of the room was a mat, with a row of wooden chairs prepared for our reception, on which we were in-

formed we might seat ourselves, and partake of such refreshments as would be offered to us. We were directed to keep on our hats during the interview, such being Turkish etiquette. On our entrance, I perceived a Turk seated cross-legged on the cushioned dais in the window, with his pipe in hand, and whom I concluded to be none other than the Pacha himself, whom we had observed peeping at us on our entrance into the court below. I soon, however, found that I was mistaken, and that he was the Imaum, or priest. I had hardly recovered from my blunder, when the real Pacha entered, and squatted himself on the cushion in the opposite corner, and in front of us. He was accompanied by his son, a very handsome and intelligent looking boy, about twelve years old, who stood beside him, attentively examining us. I opened the conversation by saying, "that having taken a journey to Orsova, we could not leave the country without paying our respects to him." He replied, "that our presence was a pleasure to him, and that he was always happy to see

any travellers." The attendants now advanced towards us, and kneeling down presented each of us with an amber-mouthed pipe. After a few silent whiffs we resumed, by an inquiry after the health of the young sultan. The Pacha said he had heard from him twenty-three days before, and that he and all the royal family were well. The dragoman now descended from the dais on which he had been standing, and having carefully wrapped his flowing robe round him, so that it could not possibly touch us, advanced to a small circular table before us, on which an attendant had placed a tray containing a compotière full of some unknown but delicious sweetmeats, and some glasses of water. These he presented to each of us, and we ate and drank. Again we whiffed our pipes and whispered to each other that it was now the Pacha's turn to speak first. He did so, by inquiring after Colonel Hodges, and if he had returned to Belgrade; upon which we informed him that we had passed him in the steamer, on his way to Vienna. We were not then aware

that he had been appointed to Alexandria in the room of Colonel Campbell. There was again a pause; but the interval was not to be regretted, for it was employed in drinking some of the most delicious coffee I ever tasted, certainly far superior to any I have met with in England or elsewhere. We sipped this nectarous beverage, and puffed our pipes like any Turks. After due interval, we informed our host that we had left England with Rechid Pacha, our late Turkish ambassador. This produced a very long reply, which, being duly interpreted, proved to be an accurate account of the recent changes among the Turkish ambassadors, showing him to be far better politically informed than was to have been expected. We had now been with the Pacha above twenty minutes, and thought it time to bring our curious interview to a close. We therefore asked his permission to examine the island and its contents, which he granted with a smile, enumerating the objects which we might inspect. Unfortunately he omitted to name the mosque, probably from the

presence of the Imaum. This, however, I did not regret, as it had formerly been a christian church, and bore neither the form nor characteristics of a true mosque. The Turkish token of assent or refusal is remarkable from being exactly the reverse of the European one. A *nod* of the head is a negation, while a solemn shake is a sign of consent and approbation. A person ignorant of this, and unable to understand the language, will often think his request rejected when it is agreed to, and the reverse.*

We now rose, made our salaam by laying the right hand upon the heart and bending the body forwards, and quitted "the presence," after a warning from the quarantine officer not to step off the mat upon the floor of the room; a precaution perfectly absurd, after having sat on their chairs, and held the cherry-stick pipes in our hands, &c.

On reaching the gallery, the sum of two florins was laid on the ground by the doganiere at the feet of the dragoman, who, crossing his hands upon his breast, made a

* So I was informed, but I doubt the fact. It wants corroboration.

profound salaam, and placed the money in his pouch. We then descended into the court, and the secretary and the scarecrow soldier marshalling the way, we entered the narrow streets of the town. The houses are wretched huts of wood or mud; those which are shops have a board which lets down in front to display their wares, and forms a shutter at night. The people whom we met seemed to have quite as great a dread of coming in contact with us as we had of them, running away where that was possible, or squeezing themselves into a corner to give us forty times more room to pass than was necessary. The Servian women, who are Christians, gazed at us as we passed; but the few Turkish women whom we encountered either vanished in an instant into some house or enclosure, or hurried by, as if ashamed to be seen abroad. Their faces were quite concealed, the forehead and lower part of it being covered with a white handkerchief, leaving only the nose and eyes exposed. The shops contained nothing in the slightest degree attractive, which was fortunate, for it could not have been ob-

tained except at the price of a ten days' quarantine. The cemetery is curious; the tombstones are surmounted with turbans, or the fez, and at a little distance seem like the statues of so many Turks. We had nearly completed our survey, and had just passed a café where some Turks were smoking and playing at backgammon, when our custom-house officer paused before a small shop, where sat a man at his "receipt of custom." He sprang from his seat with a smile at the sight of the rubicund visage before him, and with a mere "ah!" of recognition, poured a quantity of tobacco into a wooden bowl, which he handed to him. Wood and tobacco, it seems, do not convey the plague to custom-house officers; probably because the latter is most strictly prohibited by the Austrian government; but however this was, the tobacco found its way into the pocket of the officer, and a piece of money into the wooden bowl of the Turk, which forthwith disappeared behind the counter. A laugh completed this precious specimen of official honesty, and we all passed on to the

place of embarkation. The dragoman here commenced a long speech: he said he was directed by the Pacha to express the satisfaction he felt from our visit—that had he had a longer notice of our intention, he would have put on his best dress, and himself have accompanied us over the fortress. As it was, he trusted that we were gratified, requested that I would not forget him, but write down his name, and that if we returned to these parts of the world, we would again do him the honour of a visit. To this we of course made a suitable reply, and I wrote down the name of the courteous “Mahmood Bessim Pacha.” With many profound salaams we then took our leave, and I could see that the Pacha had watched the whole of this proceeding from the window that commanded the gate by which we were standing. He is an intelligent looking young man about five-and-thirty, and of a pleasing expression and manners. As we slowly rowed back against the stream, the irregular buildings and dilapidated bastions glowed most picturesquely in the setting sun.

We made direct for the Servian shore, where our crew landed and towed us by a rope till opposite Orsova. I made them wait while I took a sketch of the island; and thus ended our interesting visit to a Turkish Pacha.

Thursday, Oct. 3, 1839.—This morning, at seven o'clock, we started in the carriage we had bought at Pesth, for the Iron Gate, accompanied, as before, by our government smuggler, and his brother of the Contumatz. We shortly reached the bridge over the river Cernitz, and were much surprised by being stopped by the officer at the guard-house, as we were duly provided with a permission from the commandant, which we had presented. It appeared, however, that the name of our native coachman was not included, and these rigid disciplinarians refused to let *him* pass without an express order. All expostulation was useless, and we therefore sent our man, Nicholas Mikasinovits, to Orsova for his passport. He obtained it instantly, and we proceeded after a delay of half an hour. The road at first passes through a low marshy ground covered

with alders, and is very bad, and afterwards runs close by the brink of the Danube, till past the fortress of Neu Orsova. We now reached a wooden yellow post, marking the boundary between Hungary and Walachia. On the side facing the former, it bears the Austrian spread eagle; the other is blank. A moment more, and we reached the stream which descends the gorge, forming the real and natural boundary between those countries. Having jolted through it, we passed a rude palisade, and drew up at a Walachian guard-house, at the entrance of a village. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the wild, squalid wretchedness of this place. A figure, resembling one's notion of one of the Red Indians of America, was walking up and down, with a shouldered musket, before the door. He had no kind of uniform, but was wrapped in a huge rough sheepskin. His long and matted locks fell straggling over his greasy shoulders, and his deeply furrowed features bore the marks of labour and unwholesome diet. Beside him stood some young men

in military undress, who seemed exquisites beside him, and indeed might anywhere have been considered of the dandy species. One of them also was facetious, greeting our quarantine officer by offering to shake hands with him—a deed which would have consigned the poor official to a five days' experience of his own prison-house. A few words suffered us to proceed, and we passed on through the village, if indeed it deserves the name. It consists of a few huts constructed of wattles, daubed with mud, and thatched with the leaves and stalk of the Indian corn, standing in every position but the perpendicular. They were all separate, with heaps of filth strewed around, and pigs, ducks, geese, &c., wallowing in every direction. The people looked as wretched as their habitations, but I am far from believing this to be a sample of any but the very lowest class of Walach villages. The river by whose brink, we journeyed, now expands itself. The hills gradually recede, and we stood at the "Iron Gate." The very reverse of this might be imagined by the

name, and one entertains the idea of a most contracted and rocky gorge, through which the river can barely force its volume of waters. The barrier, however, which is here presented to the navigation, is of a very different description. It consists of a broad belt of low bristled rocks, like a vast harrow with the spikes upwards, which tears the shallow stream into countless adverse eddies, and would rend to atoms any boat so unhappy as to be dragged by the current upon its teeth. A difficult and devious channel, however, does exist through this apparently insurmountable barrier. This, however, must be varied according to the level of the river, and it is never practicable but by the aid of experienced pilots devoted to that purpose. While we were gazing at it, a barge laden with merchandise appeared in sight, about to try the perilous adventure, which we afterwards found had been most kindly and considerately despatched at that hour by Mons. Dumartheray, in order that we might witness its passage of the rapid. Swift as an arrow it shot onwards, rushing

apparently on certain destruction, and now it enters the reef of rocks. Will it hold straight its onward course? See, every oar is in rapid and forcible action, every nerve is strained. The vessel wheels right round, and is rushing now upon a still more formidable barrier. She strikes! No; she again swings round, and dashes freely and gallantly over the breakers, which seem to rage the more fiercely as they see their prey bound over their bosom, and now launch in safety on the calm glassy waters which flow below. The passage scarcely exceeds five minutes, and the breathless interest with which it is viewed from the shore, makes it seem but a moment. At the place where we drew up, some fishermen were exercising their craft, and had secured two sturgeons of enormous size, one of them being to all appearance from seven to eight feet in length. The sturgeon fisheries of the Danube are let to the fishermen at very large rates, and are found to be highly profitable. We now returned to Orsova, as time would not allow of our penetrating further into Walachia.

While in the carriage I found something at my feet, and stooping down to remove it, my hand came in contact with a cold clammy substance, which made me start back with an exclamation, It proved to be a bundle of fresh young sturgeons, which our quarantine officer had purchased of the fishermen, while we were engrossed by the terrors of "the Iron Gate." We again drove through the wretched village, and having entered the military frontier, I stopped to take a sketch. The scene is very lovely. Immediately before us lay the island fort, with its single minaret. On the Servian shore, to the left, is an outwork, surmounted by a tower on the rock above it, called Fort Elizabeth, while the wooded Carpathians closed in the view with the rich foliage of their extensive forests. We had now to commence our return to Pesth, over the Puszta of Hungary. An established post is professed to exist through this line, but this is *practically* a deception, as would be found to his cost by any one relying upon it. The only mode of travelling through these parts is by virtue of a docu-

ment called a Vorspann, which compels certain of the peasants, at the relays named upon it, to provide you with their own agricultural horses, and convey you from place to place. This paper must be taken the utmost care of, for on its preservation mainly depends the question whether you shall get to your destination, or remain planted at some village in the centre of the country. This Vorspann may be procured from the authorities; but even when you have got it, there is another article, with which it is absolutely necessary for your comfort that you should be amply provided, namely, "patience." The law prescribes no limit to the time which you may be kept waiting for the horses at the posthouse. It says nothing as to the pace at which you shall be driven. It offers you neither relief nor consolation at the total derangement, from these causes, of any plans you may have vainly formed as to reaching a particular place at a particular time, nor guards you against being jolted to death over wretched roads, or, what is much better, no

road at all. All this must be endured with philosophical coolness, or you will only succeed in adding to your inconveniences by fretting yourself into a fever. This lesson was very early taught us. The required Vorspann was kindly given us by the commandant of Orsova to the boundary of the military frontier, beyond which his jurisdiction does not extend. Upon the force of it we ordered the horses at one o'clock to take us to the baths of Mehadia. The *hour* came, but not the *horses*. After waiting a considerable time, we applied to our constant friend, Mons. Dumartheray, to aid us, and he proposed that the four horses which had taken us to the Iron Gate in the morning should now convey us to Mehadia, and an order was given to the owner of them accordingly: he agreed, and went into the stable. Time, however, rolled on, and the horses did not appear. We found, on investigation, that the rascally fellow had employed himself, not in harnessing his horses, but in taking off all their shoes, and thus effectually prevented our use of them.

Mons. Dumartheray said we had no redress. The horses were the man's own property, and he was not one over whom the Vorspann had authority. At length, however, the proper horses arrived, and, after returning our sincere thanks to Mons. Dumartheray for his unvarying kindness and attention to all our wants and wishes, we quitted Alt Orsova. The road, which is excellently macadamised, lies through the beautiful valley of the Cernitz, and the horses, which were little bigger than Welsh ponies, bowled us along it at full gallop, the driver whooping and hallooing at them all the way. The valley is extremely rich, covered with vines, melons, and Indian corn, while the surrounding rocks are clothed with wood. We passed a building of eleven arches, placed against a perpendicular rock, which descends to the road, and considered to be the remains of a Turkish aqueduct. The baths of Mehadia are at some distance from the town whose name they bear, and are situated in another valley on the banks of the Cernitz, which

here winds nearer to the frontier of Walachia. Crossing an iron bridge of somewhat singular construction, we reached the gorge in which stand the long celebrated baths of Hercules. The season was quite over ; the place totally desolate ; and with the exception of an English family just out of the Orsova quarantine, who had come from curiosity, we had the whole place to ourselves. We had dined at Orsova, so we employed the little remaining light in getting some general idea of the place, and then retired to our beds.

Friday, Oct. 4, 1839.—My night's repose was sound and uninterrupted, and I was therefore surprised on learning from my companion M—— that he had been haunted by devils ; that, like Hercules, he had had his twelve labours, and that in fact his night had been anything but one of rest. Blood and dead bodies showed the marks of his prowess ; but the wounds which he had himself sustained sufficiently proved that the enemy were not without means of aggression.· Indeed, they had a decided

victory, for they drove him from the field, and he positively refused to again assail the fortress where they had so effectually taken up their quarters. He therefore slept the next night upon a sofa in the sitting-room, wrapped in his bunda, and left the bugs and fleas "alone in their glory." In fact, the house was swarming with these repulsive animals, and I could not sufficiently congratulate myself that they produced no annoyance to me. This place, known to and esteemed by the Romans, consists now of about a dozen very large buildings, all of them relating immediately to the baths, and a small church. There is nothing which can be called a village. The hotel is part of a vast long building, which takes up one entire side of the oblong space or wide street which constitutes the whole place; at one end of it is a bath-house, called the Ludwig's Bad, which is thereby reached under cover. Some Roman inscriptions are here let into the wall, among which are the following :

HERCVLI SANCTO SIMONIVS
IVLIANVS V. C. PRAESES
DACIARVM.

Herculi invicto epomius cher. præf. coh. iubior. v. s.

Æsculap. et Hygeiæ. pro salute Innæ Cyrilla quod a longa infirmitate virtute aquarum num. inis sui. revo. caverunt t. b. a. eius v. s. l. m.

Opposite to this building ^{is} ~~are~~ a military hospital, and also the restorateurs of the place. All the apartments at Mehadia are let by the government, at an arbitrary tariff, fixed at the pleasure of the officer appointed for that purpose. About a quarter of a mile higher up the valley is situated the Hercules Spring, a copious stream of hot water, which rises out of a limestone cavity in the mountain, at a temperature of 123° Fahrenheit. It loses about one degree in its progress to the baths, which are immediately below it. The situation of the Mehadia Bad is most picturesque: it lies in a narrow gorge, which, with the river Cernitz, it completely fills up, while lofty rocks, in parts rising to nearly 2,000 feet above it,

close it in on every side. These rocks, though sometimes so escarped as to prevent any vegetation from resting upon them, are chiefly covered with the most luxuriant woods; and on their summits the tall form of a single fir or distorted stone pine stands out in strong relief against the sky. The springs, which are very numerous, rise in various parts of the valley, nine of them being medicinally employed. They are all hot, and strongly sulphureous, except the Hercules Spring, which is pure from that odoriferous substance. Just beyond that source, the geological formation of the valley is remarkable. The rocks out of which all the springs issue are of compact primitive limestone, which becomes crystalline in this part, forming a beautiful gray marble. Immediately against it rises a layer of granite, which, after continuing a short distance, is followed by slate, or loose shale, when the limestone again reappears. This occurs close by a bridge which crosses the river, leading towards the frontier of Walachia. The hills are cut into delightful walks,

among which is that to the “ Robber’s Cave,” a vast cavern, said by the peasants to have been once tenanted by a bandit of the name of Hercules ! It is curiously separated by nature into chambers, and is certainly more worth visiting than that of Veterani. I took two sketches of Mehadia. The three strongest of its sulphur springs rise together a little below the town, from a rock so close as to be generally flooded by the river. Its temperature to-day was 44° Reau. Having quite satisfied our curiosity, we retired to rest, prepared to encounter our land journey through Hungary on the morrow.

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1839.— No horses being kept at the Badort, it was necessary to obtain them from the town of Mehadia, and we had ordered them to come for us at six o’clock. According to custom, however, they did not arrive, and therefore, after waiting some time, we got a pair, which chanced to be at the baths, to take us as far as the station, a distance of about five English, or one German mile. We started at a merry pace, and had not got far before

we met the Vorspann steeds ; and after various delays, expostulations, and explanations, we were fairly off at a quarter before seven o'clock. The market at Mehadia was in full vigour, and the costume of the peasants extremely picturesque. It was also much set off by the handsomeness of the wearers, who, both male and female, are the finest race of people I have seen. Some of the latter are extremely beautiful, both as regards the grace and contour of their forms and the expression of their features ; and this not in isolated instances, but so frequently as to make it a marked characteristic of these Walachs. The men are also very good looking, and extremely civil, scarcely a man or boy neglecting to take off his hat as we passed. The scenery still continues beautiful, the road not having left the neighbourhood of the Transylvanian mountains. On reaching the first poste of Konia, we found another instance of the attention with which everything at Orsova had been done for us, and which we were only unable to profit by from an unfortunate misunderstanding.

The commandant had sent forward, and ordered all our horses to be out ready for us on our arrival at the relays. They had been in attendance during the whole of yesterday, but we lost the benefit of it by the time we spent at Mehadia, which was unknown to the officer. This mistake was of some importance. The three first stations lie at a very considerable distance from the road, nearly a couple of miles, and in a different direction, which compelled us to lose a great deal of time in searching for the horses. This occurred next at Teregova. On driving to the "Chancellerie," as the residence of the military commander is called, we found a small group of people assembled before the door. In the middle of the road was placed a bench or settle, and upon it was laid a soldier, stretched out at full length, with his face downwards, and the *reverse*, awaiting the flagellation which two military officials, cane in hand, were prepared to administer. The culprit had, however, a defence against the pain, which must have been of no small service to him,

in the shape of an enormously thick pair of woollen trousers, which were not removed. He was not tied, but received the number of blows (I think about twenty-five) with a kick of his leg, and an exclamation between a grunt and a groan. On its conclusion, he rose up, and stood quietly by, while another took the enviable post he had occupied. This man was a dogged, ill-looking fellow, and, from the manner in which he underwent the punishment, it was evidently not for the first time. Previous to his lying down upon the board, he was stripped and carefully examined as to whether he had got on any defence under his trousers to deaden the force of the blows. These were given alternately by the two soldiers beside him, with regular intervals of a few seconds between each stroke, accompanied with two preliminary flourishes of the cane, which then descended with the full force of the operator's arm. Having received the appointed number, he rose with as much unconcern as if nothing had happened. We understood that his fault had been getting

drunk and fighting. Meanwhile the commandant had come out to speak to us. He expressed his regret at the misunderstanding about the day of our journey, as the horses had been waiting for us all yesterday, but said that he would instantly send for some. He was an old man, thin and upright, of a pleasing and benevolent aspect, and evidently anxious to oblige. The fact that we wanted horses soon transpired, and we had shortly more than enough brought from different peasants, and did not make our selection from this "*embarras de richesses*" without producing some discontent among the rejected. We continued to meet numbers of the inhabitants of this well-populated district in their picturesque costume. The men all wear the sheepskin *bunda*; the dress of the women consists of a linen shirt, stamped or worked down the sleeves, with coloured flowers, over which is worn a leather jacket without sleeves. The petticoat is striped or blue, upon which is placed the most curious part of the dress. This is a species of double apron, coming

down both before and behind. It consists of a very broad belt, from which depends a long fringe formed of threads of all colours, and not unlike those worn by the natives of the Sandwich Islands. This apron and the shirt are both made by the women in their own houses, and are not to be found for sale. The next relay is Szlatina, also at a considerable distance from the road, and where we had again to exercise our patience before the horses could be procured. The road is excellent, and we were well driven, but these long delays made it late before we reached Karansebes. This is the last town within the military frontier on this road, and it was therefore necessary to have the Vorspann authorised by the civil authorities for us to procure horses to Temesvar. Anxious to get on as far as we could, in order to make sure of reaching that place to-morrow, we had some dinner, and again mounted our vehicle. We here crossed the river Temes, the right bank of which we had been for some time following, and along whose course we were still to continue.

The excellence of the road had hitherto made us forget, in a great measure, that we were in a conveyance without any springs whatever, as it was only when crossing the wooden bridges, which are most coarsely constructed, that we were reminded of the circumstance. But the rude treatment which our joints soon experienced, would have informed us, had we not otherwise known it, that the military boundary was passed, and that we were on a genuine Hungarian road. There was no moon, but the stars were bright and clear, and we could see that a moor, lined with arbitrary tracks, was on each side of us, while we felt, in addition, that the (so called) road was full of the wavy irregularities of a ploughed field, with the advantage of being newly covered with shingle. With sundry grunts and groans, and, I am sure, with far more suffering than that experienced by the soldier culprits at Teregoval, we bumped on to Lugos. Here we decided to stop for the remainder of the night: and, after shouting and knocking for half an hour at the gates of the inn, to the

disturbance of nothing but the dogs and geese, we obtained admittance; and instantly retiring to our beds, slept with all the zest given by fatigue, till the morning sun broke our refreshing slumbers.

Sunday, Oct. 6, 1839.—The little inn at Lugos is far from bad, and we had an excellent breakfast this morning. Here we again cross the Temes, and the view of the Carpathians from the bridge is very fine. The plain through which the road had hitherto passed strongly reminded me of the best parts of the Campagna, the mountains having much of the character of those from Albano to Palestrina. The road, however, now turns towards the west; and although the range of hills long continues in sight, they gradually become lower, and recede from our course. At Kiszeten we came upon the celebrated Bega canal, which traverses the heart of the Banat, and communicates with the Danube by the waters of the Theiss. After the usual delay we reached Rekas, and observed that the mode of treading out the corn by oxen was used

in this district. We had intended to have reached Arad this evening, but the road continued to progress from bad to worse, reaching such a climax of infamy on approaching and entering Temesvar, as, joined to the previous day's jolting, to render me absolutely ill, and quite incapable of any longer bearing the staunch solidity of our wagon. From its total want of elasticity, every jolt from the road became immediately communicated in its full intensity to my body, and a little more of the operation would, I feared, have reduced me to the consistency of a jelly or an omelette soufflet. The hotel at Temesvar, "the Trumpeter," is luxurious, and therefore, after a good dinner, I betook myself to repose. Meanwhile Alexander and Nicholas commenced a search for a carriage upon springs, in which they were most successful; and the uneasy manufacture of Buda Pesth was left for the admiration of the inhabitants of Temesvar. This city, the capital of the Banat, is a free town and military station, containing about 12,000 inhabitants, not including the garri-

son. From the little which my temporary infirmities would allow me to see of it, it appeared a clean and handsome place, containing some good buildings. The population chiefly consists of Wallachs and Germans, of which the former inhabit a suburb called the Michala Stadt, and the latter the Joseph Stadt. The force and efficacy of our Vorspann here expired, and it was necessary to procure a new one from the commander. He was at the theatre, and his officials said the thing was impossible. On his return, however, he instantly granted it with the utmost civility, and left us free to proceed at our pleasure.

Monday, Oct. 7, 1839.—The horses were at the door at six o'clock, and myself, much refreshed and renovated, ready to start; but still an unknown something detained us, which I could not, at first, exactly ascertain. The mystery, however, was soon solved. The rascally landlord had charged more than double what was just for every thing, in many instances also putting down as much again in quantity as we had con-

sumed, especially in the article of candles, when he represented us to have used almost enough to have illuminated the whole of Temesvar. Inch by inch he was made to reduce the account, which remained, after all, grossly exorbitant. I never met with so rascally a landlord, except at Embrun in the High Alps of Dauphiné.

We at length got off, and the new carriage was perfect luxury after what we had endured in the other. I had every reason to congratulate myself with the change, for there was none in the quality of the road. In very few places was it practicable to go in the middle, and it was necessary to follow the tracks on each side, and sometimes none at all. Extensive forests stretch themselves over the plain far as the eye can reach, and the blue mountains we had left still threaded the line of the far horizon. We were surprised, on reaching Orczyfolvar, to find all the horses out and ready for us, and again experienced the kindness of the chief authorities, the commandant having sent notice of our coming, and ordered the steeds

to be prepared. On our road onwards we passed through a village, where we saw the parish school called to dinner by beat of drum. At the welcome rub-a-dub the little urchins poured out of the school-house, each armed with his bag of books, and, with the joyous shouts of regained liberty, went scampering over the village green to their respective homes. During the whole of our route through Hungary, we did not see any windmills for the purpose of grinding corn. That process is performed by horses. A large horizontal wheel, like those used with our thrashing machines, is placed under an open conical roofed shed, and turns a pair of mill-stones enclosed in a small adjoining building, usually placed in immediate contact with a dwelling-house. We observed some few windmills, but they were invariably close to brick grounds, and had evident connexion with that manufacture. Almost every cottage had tobacco leaves strung and suspended in festoons along the sunny side of the house. We now reached Arad, a town situated on the Maros. It was made

free by the Diet in 1826, and contains about 14,000 inhabitants, chiefly Catholics and Greeks. It is the largest beast market in Hungary, except Ketskemet. The chief privileges of these free towns are, exemption to the burghers from tolls, and the sending deputies to the Diet. These, however, must be Edelman, or noble, as none of the "*Plebs*" can by any means be admitted. This distinction conferred on Arad seems, however, to have only had the effect of making its citizens mad, as they have been in one incessant quarrel with their county since that period, on the subject of their rights and privileges. It seems odd that this dispute should have concerned us, birds of passage, but so it was. On reaching the post-house we presented the Vorspann, but were told that being a free town that document had no power, and that the county must provide us with horses : this the county refused, alleging it to be the duty of the free city of Arad. We were thus made to verify the old proverb, "and between the two stools fell to the ground." Nothing

could be more provoking. The stable was full of horses, which were all ready, but till the question of whether the town or county was to supply them was decided, we might remain at the door. As this dispute had lasted fourteen years, we had small prospect of getting on; but again our good fortune prevailed. A gentleman suddenly drove up, who proved to be the Vicegespann, Herman Jacobi by name. On being made acquainted with the case, he instantly ordered out the horses, wrote an imperative order to supply us with them in future on the bottom of the Temesvar Vorspann, which was far more civilly worded, and also a list of the relays at which we were to procure them, and dismissed us with the kindest wishes for our successful journey, towards which he had done all in his power. Thus supplied, (by the county,) we proceeded to Batonya through the village of Tornyá. Our coachman was a singular looking character; he appeared to be between seventy and eighty, his garments were tattered and torn, and his long white locks hung on his

shoulders, but the vigour of his arm and the keenness of his eye seemed undiminished, and he drove us with all the vivacity and spirit of youth. The road continued the same, in parts tolerable, and the little Hungarian horses seemed to be quite indifferent to its defects and excellencies. The country was a perfect plain, but well cultivated, with here and there patches of trees, sometimes amounting to a wood. In various parts we observed hillocks exactly resembling the tumuli of our own country. These artificial eminences were thrown up by the Hungarians during the Turkish wars, as places of observation, the extreme flatness of the country permitting a very extensive view on all sides from the slightest elevation. The sun was getting low in the heavens, and a very distinct mirage spread itself to our left as we approached Torna. A large troop of horses was also gathered to watering, round one of those picturesque wells with which the Puszta abound. These are circular pits, with a post beside them, across the top of which is swung a long

beam, balanced at one end by a heap of stones, and bearing the bucket and chain at the other. We now reached Batonya, and with it the termination of road, which, wretched as it was, had hitherto borne both the name and somewhat of the appearance of a "chaussée." We therefore determined to stay the night, as I was averse to entering on the boundless "Ebene" by night. The town of Batonya has a most singular appearance, but is precisely similar to all the towns and villages in this district. It is perfectly regular, the unpaved streets lying at right angles to each other; every house is isolated, being surrounded by a yard and garden, and consists of one gable end, white-washed, and *almost* invariably turned towards the road. This isolation of the dwellings spreads them over a great extent of ground, and the principal street, or rather road, through Batonya, is from two to three miles in length. It contains two churches, one Greek and the other Roman Catholic. The inn is not altogether free from "*population*," though by no means any-

thing like Mehadia, and has no accommodations of any kind as regards eating, except eggs. We had, however, plenty of provisions with us; and with some portable soup, potted beef, fried ham, and eggs, and a good bottle of wine, we amply contrived to supply any deficiency in the larder of mine host. The bed-rooms and beds were comfortable, and my repose unbroken till the dawn of day.

Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1839.—The dawn had broken, but the sun was not yet above the horizon, when we entered upon the vast Ebene of the centre of Hungary. Far and wide the eye ranges unobstructed by hedge or tree, and the boundless expanse was rendered only more interminable by a partial mist which still rested upon it. The cloudless sky became suffused with a ruddier glow, and slowly and majestically the round orb of day rose out of the earth, which, while it dissipated the veil that surrounded us, revealed the scene in its full and undisguised desolation. The firm and smooth turf over which we were silently galloping

is intersected by innumerable tracts, exercising the skill and discretion of the driver to choose the most level and direct. These extensive prædia are, however, by no means unproductive wastes. They are divided by ditches and low mounds of earth. Some of these are cultivated, while others are left as vast pastures for the breeding of horses, and countless herds of fine white cattle, with which these plains abound. Their desolation by no means consists in a want of animation. Thousands of horses and beasts throng them in every direction, but they are an unbroken level, save by the form of some herdsman or Csiko standing in strong relief against the sky. A little to the south of our line is the celebrated breeding stud founded, in 1785, by the Emperor Joseph II. This establishment is on a most imperial scale; being capable, when full, of accommodating 16,684 horses. The usual complement, however, is 3,500. Among the officers attached to it are 238 Csikos and 100 Bérese. The former is a sort of horse-herdsman. Well mounted and

armed, he remains in constant attendance on the troops of horses and mares grazing in the extensive *prædia*. At times he stands, man and horse, motionless as a statue, at others, dashes in a wild and fearless gallop after some stragglers from the group. The office of the *Bérese* is in like manner to tend the cattle belonging to the establishment, connected with which are several farms and pastures, endowments from the emperor. A large number of the stud are annually sold off, all of which are celebrated for the beauty and uniformity of their size and shape. Passing one of the farms, we were amused by some singular temporary huts, which we at first took for large haycocks. Just before reaching *Komlos*, we saw a boy tending a herd of swine, quietly riding about on the back of one of them, while his bristly steed seemed by no means discomposed, or to consider his rider as any unwonted encumbrance. We were detained some time at *Komlos*, to arrange one of the wheels of the carriage, which was rather hot. When we did start, however,

it was in good earnest. Our driver put the horses into a rapid gallop, from which he never paused till he drew up at the next posthouse. The track was firm and excellent, and was the best stage we had done in Hungary. The traffic along here was very considerable : we met great numbers of carts drawn by white oxen, heavily laden with Indian corn. But one of the most beautiful scenes I ever saw was the watering of the cattle. On a slight rise in the plain, stood a Puszta well, at which two herdsmen were engaged in drawing the water. In every direction round us were to be seen long lines of the white cattle slowly wending their way towards the refreshing spot. There were none to drive them, but at their own quiet pace they passed onward, forming a long line against the sky. Those to which we approached nearest, would pause for a moment to gaze at us as we vanished past them, and then, with a vacant look of astonishment, proceed on their way. We also observed a beautiful mirage, the most perfect I have seen. Rivers and lakes

were spread out before us, with all the vividness of reality, proving that even that which one sees with one's own eyes is not an evidence of its truth, and that there may be a fallacy in the saying that "seeing is believing." The dogs about these plains are very numerous, and remarkably savage; we saw several whose long wolf-like teeth were anything but inviting. Our rapid transit during the last stage soon brought us to Oroshaza. In these villages a man is stationed upon the top of the church towers, where he remains all night, and blows a pitch-pipe at every quarter of an hour. The object is to warn against fire, which if it broke out would be very destructive among houses constructed almost entirely of wood and mud. The next stage was a long one, and the plain became slightly undulating. After traversing it for some miles, we were surprised by coming suddenly upon a part richly cultivated, and in a manner far superior to any we had before seen. It was also introduced by an extraordinary smell of violets, which

lasted above half a mile, without our being in any degree able to guess from what it proceeded. On inquiring, we found that this estate belongs to Count Caroly, one of the most opulent of the Hungarian magnates. He has a chateau in the neighbourhood, which we shortly reached. The undivided fields were planted with tobacco, much of which was left to go to seed, turnips, wheat, and Indian corn. The mode of thrashing the corn is singular, and serves a double purpose. Six or eight horses are tied together in couples. A man stands in the middle of a paved circular space and lunges the horses round and round over the sheaves, which ever and anon he strews under their feet. This trains the animal while it thrashes the corn. The chateau of the Count, which he probably never visits, is a common-place house, without anything remarkable. The labourers employed upon the estate form of themselves a kind of distinct community, and live in adjoining houses, each isolated, with its garden, and having the ap-

pearance of a long street. We proceeded towards Szentes, before reaching which it was necessary to cross the river Korogy. On reaching it, we found that the bridge was undergoing extensive repairs, and at present quite impassable for a carriage. The bed of the river, in which there was but a scanty supply of water, seemed a heap of mud, and any attempt to pass it threatened to leave us fixtures in the middle. There was, however, no alternative, and while some of the party tried the still more perilous adventure of crossing the bridge by a single plank, I remained in the carriage, and was happily dragged through without any disaster. The town of Szentes, which we now shortly reached, contains 16,000 inhabitants, Magyars and Raizen, all professing the reformed faith. Although containing so large a population, it by no means comes up to our ideas of a town elsewhere. It is a large straggling village, consisting of only huts or poor cottages, each separate, as I have before mentioned, and consequently stretching over a large

space of ground. The unpaved streets are lined with acacia trees, which gives it a somewhat cheerful appearance, while the only building of note in it is a large school. We had now to cross the river Theiss, which I had been very anxious to accomplish before dusk. After traversing a swampy plain over a well-constructed causeway, we reached the ferry, by which we safely attained to the other side. Leaving to our left a new and more direct road, not yet completed, we reached Czongrâdt, one stage short of Alpar, where we intended to go next, on our way to Kecske-met, at which latter place we hoped to sleep. The inn at Czongrâdt, where we stayed to dine, is situated at the entrance of the town and outside the gates. It was already late, but the place was not prepossessing to stop at ; and finding some good fresh pork, we decided to dine and proceed on our way. Rumours, however, reached us that the road was most extremely bad to Alpar, but we were offered to be taken by a route, much shorter and better, direct to Kecskemet.

To this I at first consented, but it being immediately followed by a demand for the payment of the same sum to this driver, which would have been given to the two by going around through Alpar, my mind misgave me that the whole was a trick, and that the reports of the road were false. I was confirmed in this by the testimony of two soldiers of the town of Alpar, who said that though the road was sandy in parts, it was far from bad, and that we might go with safety. These men were Milanese in the Austrian service, and had been seven years on this station. It was therefore decided to proceed by the usual road, and we started. For some distance all proceeded with perfect smoothness, but the tract became gradually more and more heavy, till, after various efforts, we stuck quite fast, with the additional comfort of the driver declaring his total inability to find the right tract out of the number with which the plain was intersected. The night was still and warm, but yet the prospect of spending it on a sand-bank, far from any visible human habi-

tation, was not agreeable, We therefore put our shoulders to the wheel, and being perfectly acquainted with the points of the compass, and, from most accurate maps, the direction in which we ought to move, we proceeded slowly and doubtfully on our way. Often searching for the most beaten tract by the light of the glowing stars, we continued to advance, doubtful, but believing that we were in the right direction. At length we came in sight of some human habitations, and I insisted on making some inquiries as to our locality. Savage and shrill the watch-dogs barked, startling the stillness of the night around us in every direction, and Nicholas at first hesitated to disturb the inmates, from a dread of an attack from these savage guardians. The company of Alexander, however, reassured him, and they returned in a few moments with the satisfactory intelligence that we were in the direct road for Alpar, which we could not fail to reach in a few minutes. Here we safely arrived, and found it to be a wretched village, with only a single inn,

which contained but one parlour, and no sort of accommodation whatever. We would have proceeded, but there were no horses, they requiring to be summoned from some distance, and the dawn of morning was the earliest moment at which we could by possibility continue our course. "Necessity has no law;" so we wrapped ourselves in our warm bundas, and, rolled up in the carriage at the door of the hotel, went fast asleep. Long before the eyes of man could discern the slightest indication of light, a confusion of sounds commenced among the animal creation, far beyond anything I ever before heard. Countless watch-dogs kept up an incessant conversation far and near. Cocks, ducks, geese, pigs, &c. &c., joined vociferously in the debate, and our horses came galloping into the village before the jarring hubbub of sounds had sunk to rest.

Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1839.—The road which we now traversed convinced us that it was better to do so by day than night, as it requires no small discrimination to choose the right tract out of so many; and when it is

chosen, to keep out of the ruts and holes with which it abounds. The scene is one of perfect desolation ; here and there a solitary farm-house is passed with its vast unenclosed domain stretching round it, while the herdsman or the "swine-general" stands gazing in astonishment at the unwonted sight of a Vorspann carriage. We at length reached Kecske-met, which is rather prettily situated on a gentle rise. It is celebrated for its cattle fair, and for the excellence of its wheaten bread, the latter of which we can abundantly vouch for, having enjoyed an excellent breakfast in consequence. It contains about 36,000 inhabitants, but has the same uncondensed and straggling appearance as all the other Magyar towns. The inn is large and dirty, and, having had a good wash, and an excellent breakfast, we were anxious to proceed. The town, however, was full of a passing regiment, and about eighty horses had been engaged by them. Being, therefore, assured that the post-horses which *professed* to be kept on this road *were* so in reality, to Pesth, we pocketed the Vorspann,

and determined to try it. Our road continued to lie over a vast sandy waste, no longer perfectly level, but undulating in various directions. Indeed the whole of the Puszta, on the west of the Theiss, is quite different from that in the other quarter, being a mere sandy desert, abounding in hillocks, which reminded me of the country on the shore about Calais and Gravelline. On reaching the next relay of Lajos, we found one *pair* of horses at the imperial post-house, but, after some time, another horse was procured, with which we proceeded. We toiled on, sometimes up to the naves of the wheels in sand, and obliged to get out to relieve the weight. The driver, however, was excessively wrongheaded and disagreeable, and our courier was at length so far provoked as to take the rope which served as a rein, and give him a licking. This he received with a grunt of astonishment, and, without any attempt to return the blow, contented himself by observing, that he should lodge a complaint against him on reaching the relay. As, however, we ap-

proached it, he changed his tone, and ended by entreating that *we* would not mention the quarrel, to which we assented. On our arrival, there were no horses at the poste ; but a few minutes only elapsed before a ragged urchin came galloping into the yard, driving before him a troop of horses, out of which our steeds were speedily chosen. We now observed, by the increasing number of trees, that we were approaching a more fertile tract, which gradually increased as we approached the river. The sandy, roadless way, however, continued the same, and we could not but rejoice when, after reaching Soroksar, we found ourselves on a regular chaussée, and entering Pesth. We had latterly found the scenery much to improve, the villages being neater and more compact, and the woods larger. We were most satisfactorily driven, and took up our abode at the Fógado az Angol Királynehoz.

Thursday, Oct. 10, 1839.—I started to the Santon's tomb to take a sketch, and meanwhile M—— kindly took the temperature of the hot baths for me. That of

Hidasförd is 97° Fahrenheit, while the water escaping from the spring in the courtyard was 104° . The bath of Sarosförde, which is actually at the chief source, was the same, namely 104° , while the temperature of the room in which it was was 97° , that of the external air 68° , and that of the Danube, near the brink, 64° . The hotel at which we are lodged is most admirably situated on the quay, with a beautiful view of Ofen; and our dinner, though in profusion, was not altogether so good as that at the "Corne de Chase," the landlord of whom has now taken the "Roy d'Hongrie." An entirely new hotel on another part of the quay is, however, building, and proposed to be opened next August, which is intended to be the best of all. We called on M. Ebner, but he was gone to Debreczin on business. We, however, saw his intelligent son, and left kind messages for his father. After making a few purchases, I parted with Nikolaus Mikasinovits, with whom we were perfectly satisfied, and retired to our beds, as it was imperative upon us to be

across the bridge before the clock struck five, as at that moment the cannon would be fired to open the bridge, and we might then be detained for an indefinite period.

Friday, Oct. 11, 1839.—We started from the door of the hotel at eight minutes before five o'clock, and the signal-gun went off at the very moment we reached the Ofen extremity. The pavement through this part of the town is execrable, and it was twenty minutes to six before we reached the Barrière. The road, which is tolerable, soon leaves the river, and, after passing through a level plain, winds among some sand-hills, at first totally bare, and afterwards somewhat wooded, to the first poste of Csaba. The journey by land from Pesth to Vienna is conducted by the Bauer post, (or peasant's post,) which drives admirably, often at ten miles an hour, if the road will admit of such rapid movement. From Csaba the road descends into a wide level plain, having the Danube visible on the right, and the rock-built city of Gran rising most magnificently at the entrance of the mountains through

which we had just wound our way. The road frequently follows the bank of the river, and is on the whole tolerably good. At Gonyo we found our friendly "Eros" safely moored, engaged in discharging merchandise. At a considerable distance to our left, but most conspicuous from its size and mountain situation, rose the celebrated monastery of the "Mons Sacer Panoniæ," renewed and endowed by the late Emperor Francis I. The approach to Raab, situated on the river of the same name, is fine, and its tower, steeples, and shattered fortifications very picturesque. These latter were destroyed by the French in 1809. The road does not pass through the city, but through the adjoining suburbs, and we soon after reached the little town of Hochstrasse, where we established ourselves for the night. The accommodations here are as good as ought to be expected at a mere village inn, and we got a very eatable dinner.

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1839.—We left our quarters by dawn, and traversed an uninteresting country to Wieselburg. We now

entered upon a vast heath, part of which, however, is cultivated, and belongs to the Archduke Charles. It is intersected by countless tracks, and as they bore no distinctive marks to our uninitiated eyes, it seemed wonderful that the driver knew which to choose. He drove us, however, fearlessly and rapidly, and we speedily approached the end of the relay. Here we were stopped by three ruffianly-looking fellows, who demanded some money, for permission to go upon the track we were following, as they alleged, but which was clearly a mere excuse. This we of course refused, and seeing that there were six of us, they passed on; but I have little doubt that had it been at night, they would have endeavoured to have robbed us. This part of the heath is close upon the frontier, and, as we were aware, bore no very excellent character for honesty. The assemblage which we found at the inn were also the worst looking fellows we had seen, and it altogether appeared that the Archduke Charles had not the best company on his

estate. They in no way, however, molested us. We got our horses, and, after passing a bit of execrable road, reached the Austrian custom-house, where we had reason to expect a most rigid examination. To our surprise, however, after a few ordinary questions, we were suffered to proceed without anything being examined, and a few more hours saw us once again comfortably settled in the hotel of the E. H. Karl at Vienna.

Sunday, Oct. 13, 1839.—A day of thanksgiving, and of rest.

Monday, Oct. 14, 1839.—We hastened this morning to visit Messrs. Schwartz and Benvenuti, to give them some account of our prosperous tour, and thank them for their efficient kindness. The former is generally at home till twelve o'clock, and the latter, who resides in the "Schule Gasse," after two A.M. We went to the opera in the evening, and again saw Mad. van Hasselt in Mozart's "Enlèvement du Sérail."

Tuesday, Oct. 15, 1839.—I had several things to wind up preparatory to our departure to-morrow, but I was unfortunately

taken so ill as to be unable to leave the house, which I the more regretted, as it deprived me of the pleasure of spending the evening with Mons. Schwartz and his family.

Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1839.—I felt sufficiently well this morning to attempt our journey home, and we started from Vienna about seven o'clock. The weather, which for the last two days had been miserably cold, with a north-east wind, was again mild and pleasant. The first stage lies chiefly among the islands of the Danube, and is tolerably pretty, but the rest of the way is almost wholly uninteresting. The situation of Znaim is rather picturesque, and we passed on our left, on entering it, a handsome chateau, once a convent, but now an imperial tobacco manufactory. The chief characteristic of the towns upon this road is a large open space in the midst, usually surrounded by houses of grotesque architecture and large gable ends. The inn at Budwitz is clean and good, but the place contains nothing remarkable.

Thursday, Oct. 17, 1839.—The scenery continued as dreary and uninteresting as yesterday, and, without a single incident worth recording, we reached Czaslau, where we remained the night. The hotel is tolerable.

Friday, Oct. 18, 1839.—A little to the left of our road lies the ancient mining city of Kuttenberg, containing colleges, &c., and a cathedral remarkable for the beauty of its architecture, which is of florid Gothic. At Köllin we came upon the Elbe, as yet a narrow stream, but the road leaves it immediately, and passes over tedious undulating hills, till it abruptly descends into the valley of the Moldau, at the gorgeous city of Prague. We took up our abode at the “Drei Linden,” which is very good, clean, and comfortable.

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1839.—Our first visit this morning was to the cathedral, which bears sad evidence of the Vandal barbarism of Frederick the Great, who amused himself by sending two hundred and fifteen balls through the roof alone, and above fifteen

hundred against its consecrated walls. The church is rich in saints ; St. Vitus lies under the high altar ; St. Maximin, St. Wenzel, and St. John Nepomucene. The shrine of the latter is of solid silver, and valuable both as a work of art and for its material. The whole cathedral has been recently re-gilt and beautified, and has a very gorgeous appearance. On leaving here, we repaired to the museum of natural history and the library. The former is interesting from consisting chiefly of native produce; and the fossils from the coal formation are very fine. In the library we were shown a remarkably beautiful illuminated Psalter, with other valuable documents : among these was the original challenge of John Huss, the reformer, in his own handwriting, which he affixed to the door of the university of which he was a professor. We were also shown an original letter of John Ziska, singularly enough signed under that epithet, which is a nickname, meaning "the one-eyed," whereas his *real* name was John of Trocznow. The librarian speaks English

well, and is indeed said to be a great linguist. We now went to the Hradshin, and visited some of its countless apartments. Those of the ancient council-hall, that used by the deputies at present, and the ball-room, are the only ones very remarkable. The views from the first of these are very splendid in every direction, as its windows overlook the whole of the city and river. On leaving the outer court of the palace, the attention is drawn to the palace of the Prince Schwartzenberg, of antique Moorish looking architecture, and which once stood, a hunting schloss, in the midst of a spacious forest. We drove to the summit of the hill, by the side of a long and lofty battlement wall, erected by order of Charles IV. to employ his starving subjects during a famine, and which is best known by the name of the "Bread Wall." The view is not so beautiful as from the Hradshin and beyond it. Driving through two of the courts of that vast building, we came suddenly upon a bridge thrown over a ravine, which isolates the palace and cathedral towards

the north. The view here is especially picturesque, the buildings clustering well together. We descended the hill by the Bruska bastion, from which is the best prospect of the whole town on both sides of the river. From here, to reach the bridge, we had to pass through the Waldstein Strasse, where is the palace of the celebrated Wallenstein. Preparations are making for the erection of a chain-bridge, just above the magnificent stone one which alone crosses the river at present. The foundations of the piers are already executed. In the afternoon we went to some shops, and to the opera of Massaniello in the evening.

Sunday, Oct. 20, 1839.—We left Prague, on our way to Dresden, early this morning, and crossed the “white hills,” where the fate of Protestantism in Bohemia was decided by the victory of the Imperialists under Berquoy and Tilly in 1620. As we approached Saxony, the scene became more interesting from its volcanic character, conical hills, some with the remains of castles upon them, rising up in various directions.

There is another road to Töplitz by the fortress of Theresienstadt, which can be done in rather a shorter time, but the one we now went is the best for seeing the country.

Monday, Oct. 21, 1839.—We walked over the little town of Töplitz, which I found improved and enlarged since I was at it ten years ago. I had a bath, and we then proceeded on our way. This traverses the valley direct towards the mountains, passing through the village of Kulm. Three monuments, all in good taste, have been erected to the memory of those who perished in that important battle, Aug. 30, 1813. The first we reached is that of the Russians, then the Prussians, and lastly that of the Austrians. This last is of cast-iron, and is certainly the best of the three. We now commenced the ascent of the mountains which here form the division between Saxony and the empire of Austria. The views towards the south and west are beautiful, and, on attaining the summit, we opened upon the very singular rocks of the Saxon Switzerland. The road is smooth and well constructed, and soon

wound us through the hills to the Custom-house, where we experienced no detention whatever. We came upon the Elbe at Pirna, and, following the banks of that river, soon reached Dresden. The celebrated Leipsig fair was just over, and had transferred itself to the capital, where the streets were so densely crowded as to render our journey from the gates to the hotel a work of danger and delay—the former to the population, and the latter to ourselves. It also occasioned us another inconvenience. All the hotels were full. The Hôtel de France, which has the best cuisine, was the one to which we desired to go; but though we had written the day before for rooms, none could be had. We were therefore compelled to put up at the Hôtel de Pologne, formerly very bad, but which, however, is very much improved since I knew it in 1829.

Tuesday, Oct. 22, 1839.—I had not yet entirely recovered from the indisposition which attacked me the day before we left

Vienna, and therefore now remained at home for rest and the necessary remedies.

Wednesday, Oct. 23, 1839.—We visited the Treasury, known as “the Green Vaults,” which, after The Gallery, is the best worth seeing of anything in Dresden. The crown jewels are almost inestimable, and there is, besides, a profusion of rare and valuable articles of “vertu.” In the evening we went to the Opera to see Schröder-Devriént in Romeo. She is unquestionably the first actress as well as singer of the age. *Giulietta* was played by a young *débutante*, of the name of Signora Marx, who was extremely good, and being well looking, and with a very fine voice, is likely to become celebrated.

Thursday, Oct. 24, 1839.—As I wanted some shopping trifles, I went to the house of a Mr. Wolf, a vender of curiosities, who had some beautiful things, but he charged exorbitantly; so I bought nothing. I went over the warehouse of the Modern Dresden China, and thence hurried to The Gallery. The building

in which they are placed is bad and ill lighted for its purpose, and the pictures, though very recently rearranged, are badly placed. Much enthusiasm has been expended over the "Madonna." I cannot think it so perfect a picture as it is generally considered. The countenance of the Virgin is stern and almost bad-tempered, and that of the Infant Christ is repulsive: the eyes are starting from its head, and it looks on the point of bursting into tears, half from fright and half from vexation. The heads of the two angels at the base are very fine. The whole aspect of the picture would be improved by a *slight* coat of varnish. The most surprising picture in the whole gallery is, in my opinion, the one known as "The Tribute Money." Craft and mock humility are clearly developed in the features of the Pharisee, while the countenance of our Saviour breathes an expression of calm un-earthly superiority, and his searching eye seems reading the very depths of the tempter's soul. It is a sublime effort of the art of painting.—About two o'clock we left

Dresden by the Leipzig railway. The station is a handsome building, just beyond the Japanese Palace. The distance by the post-road is about 65 English miles, but by the railroad 75. The diligence, however, takes eleven hours by the former, while a little more than four hours is required by the latter. We stopped eight times, and for periods much longer than necessary. Our own carriages were secured upon a truck, and we went in one of the public conveyances. The rails are on wooden sleepers, and the police have red and white flags. There is one tunnel, just within the rails of which are small bricked holes, sunk in the ground at short intervals, in which are placed red lamps.—We crossed the Elbe by a handsome viaduct of considerable length, and reached Leipzig at half-past six, where we found a carriage, &c., ready to convey us to the hotel, at which we had ordered our rooms some time before.

Friday, Oct. 25, 1839.—We proceeded early on our way to Cassel. We were surprised, on reaching the first relay of Merse-

burg, to find it a town of great architectural interest. On a rock overhanging the river Saale stands an imposing chateau, connected with a very fine Gothic cathedral. A large number of the doors and windows in the streets through which we drove, were of elaborate tracery, and I have no doubt but that a day at least might have been well spent there among its antiquities. The scenery continued uninteresting and ordinary, though not ugly, and the road excellent, till we reach Querfurt. From here to Altstat the way is execrable. In fact, the road has never been made; it traverses a wild forest, not unpicturesque in parts, and seems only used by wagons and agricultural vehicles. We, however, got safely through it, and from thence to Nordhausen the road cannot be improved. We observed an interesting attention to the comfort of the Burshen who perambulate this part of the country in great numbers. At intervals of a few miles, a few trees are planted, under which is a seat surrounded with a flower-bed, decked with roses, daliahs, and other cheerful flowers.

Saturday, Oct. 26, 1839.—It was too dark yesterday evening to see much of the town, but it was light before we quitted the comfortable hotel of the Romisher Kaiser. The place is very picturesque, the houses being built of a timber frame-work, filled up with bricks plastered over, and painted in every variety of colour which the taste and fancy of the respective owners could conceive. The road is excellent. The town of Heilegestadt is remarkably situated in a wooded dell. Here we were detained a little while, from a dispute which arose out of our courier having struck the postilion on the road. A few swanzigs accommodated it, and we proceeded, winding through beautiful valleys in a coal district, and through several picturesque villages, till we reached Cassel, and put up at the Hotel König v. Preussen.

Sunday, Oct. 27, 1839.—The weather was intensely cold, foggy, and gloomy, and so uninviting to stir out, that we only took a hurried look at the statue of the Elector Frederick in the Fredricks Platz, and through the not ungraceful gateway into the public gardens at the end of the square.

These are not well kept, at least at this time of the year, but in fine weather must be very agreeable. Cassel is altogether a handsome town, and the society is probably good, from the number of English residents.

Monday, Oct. 28, 1839.—The scenery for some distance is in no way remarkable. It improves, however, on reaching Arolsen, where is the palace of the Count Waldeck, the prince of the little state of which it is the capital. The celebrated Spa of Pyrmont also belongs to him, and contributes not a little to increase his revenue. The road now becomes much more beautiful, winding through wooded valleys, following the stream of the Ruhr. We entered Prussia at the village of Kanstein. Arensberg in Westphalia was one of the principal seats of the dreaded Vehm Gericht. It is situated on an elevated peninsula, formed by a sweep of the river Ruhr. The inn (König v. Preussen) is very good. The place itself is clean and neat, and the ruins of its old castle very picturesque.

Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1839.—The district

which we now traversed is very fine, reminding of some of the most beautiful parts of Surrey. It is besides densely populated, being the Sheffield and Birmingham of Prussia. The town of Elberfeld has about 58,000 inhabitants, and is most important from its extensive manufactures. It is celebrated for a dye, called Turkey red, which is prepared here in so superior a manner, that vast quantities of cotton-yarn are sent from Glasgow and other places, and imported dyed. In 1829, the annual produce of the manufacture here was estimated at above three millions sterling. The road is throughout well macadamised, and we reached Dusseldorf before dusk.

Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1839.—Dusseldorf is a dull uninteresting town, and we had not time to visit the admirable school of fresco painting established here by Cornelius. The passage of the Rhine is by a flying bridge, close to the village of Dussel, and at a considerable distance from the city which it names. The road is well made to Juliers, when it falls into the Cologne and Aix-la-

Chapelle road. We proceeded without stopping to Liege, and passed the custom-house after only a few minutes' detention. Pavilion Anglaise.

Thursday, Oct. 31, 1839.—We had decided to take advantage of the railroad to Bruges and Ostend, to reach the former place to-day, and therefore before seven left the hotel for the station. This is situated on the summit of the hill which overlooks the city, and takes full forty minutes to reach, at a good pace, with post-horses. We were in ample time, as the train did not start till half-past eight. The country through which we flew, has not a single object of interest. At Mechlin we changed to another train, and soon reached Ghent. Here we were told, to our surprise and my indignation, that we were to wait four hours, till the Ostend train arrived from Brussels. Not feeling disposed to be thus delayed, I immediately ordered post-horses, and the carriage was clumsily removed from the truck which had conveyed it. I had remained in the carriage during the whole

journey, which it is quite safe to do. The line is remarkably easy, and the rails on wooden sleepers. Two lines are intended, but only one is as yet quite completed. The horses soon arrived, and we started from the station, in a manner which showed that the driver had no command over them. He was continually driving upon the carriage of the courier, which was just before us, and paid no regard to the constant orders to stop which we vociferated. The pace of the horses momentarily increased, and while *we* expected to be dashed against some huge wagon, we suddenly became the aggressors, by running against and overturning a small cart drawn by two donkeys. The little equipage was whirled round and dashed against a shop-window, which it shivered to atoms. The horses were now stopped, and the good-natured crowd which had collected unharnessed them, and dragged the carriage, with us in it, in sorry triumph to the post-house. The postmaster was exceedingly civil, and stated that the boy was ill, but that he had thought him sufficiently well to

have brought the carriage to the inn from the station without an accident. He gave us fresh horses and postilion, and we proceeded without any more adventures. The hotel at Bruges, "Hôtel de Commerce," is excellent.

Friday, Nov. 1, 1839.—The road from here to Calais, through Furnes, is perfectly good. The custom-house was very civil, and only detained us a few minutes for form's sake. We were but badly driven, but arrived before dark at the Hôtel Dessin.

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1839.—The weather had been so extremely boisterous for many days, that the English mail-packets were compelled to run to Boulogne, and the French mail alone was to cross to-day. We therefore took our places by it, and had a rapid but extremely rough and rainy passage. Having passed the Dover custom-house, we proceeded home without delay, and reached Gatton again at ten o'clock.

ITINERARY.

Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1839, Hôtel de l'Impératrice.—Left Calais at 7 ; Ardres at 5 m. past 8 ; La Recousse 20 m. to 9 ; St. Omer 10 ; Cassel 12 ; Bailleul 2 ; Armentiere 5 m. to 3 ; Lisle 7 m. past 4 ; Pont Tressin 5 ; Belgian Custom-house half-past 5 ; Tournay 10 m. past 6.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—Left Tournay at 7 ; Bury half-past 8 ; Hornu at 10 m. past 10 ; Mons 11 ; Brai 10 m. past 12 ; Auderlues half-past 1 ; Charleroi half-past 2 ; Sombref 5 ; Quatrebras 20 m. past 5 ; Namur half-past 8.

N.B.—Detained three quarters of an hour at Quatrebras.

Friday, Aug. 16.—Left Namur at 25 m. to 7 ; Vivier l'Agneau 10 m. to 8 ; Emplines 10 m. past 9 ; La Marche quarter past 11 ; Champlons 5 m. to 1 ; Bastogne quarter to 3 ; Martelange 25 m. past 4 ; Arlon 20 m. past 6.

Saturday, Aug. 17.—Left Arlon quarter to 7 ; Luxemburg quarter past 9—the gates close at 10 o'clock ; left ditto at 1, baited at Radt a quarter of an hour ; Grevenmachern at 10 m. past 4 ; baited half an hour ; left it at 20 m. past 5 ; Custom-house 5 m. past 5 ; detained till 25 m. to 6 ; Trieves quarter to 7.

Sunday, Aug. 18.—Left Trieves 10 m. past 6 ; Hermeisekeil 10 m. to 10 ; Birkenfeld 20 m. past 12 ; Oberstein quarter past 2 ; left Oberstein at 10 m. past 3 ; Kirn at 20 to 5 ; Soberheim 6 ; Kreuznach quarter to 8.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—Left Kreuznach at half-past 7 ; Alzey half-past 10 ; Worms 10 m. past 1 ; left Worms at 5 m. to 2 ; Oggersheim 5 m. to 3 ; Mannheim quarter to 4.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.—Left Mannheim for Schwetzingen at 25 m. to 1. The drive took one hour and ten minutes. We spent two hours in the gardens, (which deserve more,) and reached Mannheim at 10 to 5.

Thursday, Aug. 22.—Left Mannheim at 10 m. past 7 ; Schwetzingen at 10 m. past 8 ; left it at a quarter past 9 ; Waghausel half-past 10 ; Bruchsal 12 ; Bretten at 20 m. to 2 ; Illingen half-past 3 ; Schweibertingen at 25 m. past 5, and Stuttgart at 7.

Friday, Aug. 23.—Left Stuttgart half-past 9 ; Neckar-Thailfinger at 12 ; Urach 10 to 2 ; Münsingen 10 to 4 ; Ehingen 20 m. past 6 ; Biberach 10 m. to 9.

Saturday, Aug. 24.—Left Biberach at 7 ; Oxnhausen 9 ; Mimmengen 25 m. to 12 ; Wolfartschwendt quarter to 1 ; Kempten 25 m. to 3 ; Nesselwang quarter past 6 ; Fussen at half-past 8.

Monday, Aug. 26.—Left Fussen half-past 7 ; Reutte 9 ; Lermoss 25 m. to 12 ; Nassereit 10 m. past 2.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.—Left Nassereit half-past 7 ; Ob. Miemmingen half-past 9 ; Telfs. 23 m. past 10 ; Zirl 10 m. past 12 ; Innsbruck 20 m. to 2.

Wednesday, Aug. 28.—Left Innsbruck at 10 m. to 7 ; Volders 25 m. to 9 ; Schwatz 10 m. past 10 ; Rattenberg 25 m. past 12 ; Wörgl 5 m. past 2 ; Soll 25 m. to 4 ; Ellmau quarter to 5 ; St. Johann a quarter to 6.

Friday, Aug. 30.—Left St. Johnn at 10 m. past 7 ; Waidring at 10 m. to 9 ; Unken Custom-house at 10 m. past 11 ; the Post-house half-past 11 ; Reichenhall 2 ; left Reichenhall at a quarter to 3 ; reached Salzburg at 5.

Saturday, Aug. 31.—Left Salzburg at 8 ; Hof at 10 m. past 10 ; St. Gingel 20 m. to 1 : Ischl half-past 3.

Monday, Sept. 2.—Left Ischl 10 m. past 8 ; Lauffen quarter to 9 ; Goisern 5 m. past 9 ; St. Agatha 25 m. past 9 ; Summit of the Ascent 5 m. to 11 ; Aussee at 12 ; left Aussee for the Grundel Lake at 10 m. to 1 ; reached ditto 25 m. past 2 ; left Lake 10 m. past 3 ; back to Aussee at a quarter to 4 ; left Aussee at 4 ; reached the Summit of the Pass at half-past 5 ; St. Agatha quarter past 6 ; Goisern 25 m. to 7 ; Lauffern 7 ; Ischl 20 m. to 8.

Wednesday, Sept. 10.—Left Ischl at 20 m. to 9 ; Lauffen 10 m. past 9 ; Steg 10 m. to 20 ; detained 20 m. for a boat. (N.B. it is best to drive to the Gosau Mühle and take a boat there.)—Left Steg at m. past 10 ; Gosau mill at 20 m. to 11 ; left ditto at 5 m. past 11 ; Halstadt 20 to 12 ; left Halstadt half past 3 ; Gosau mill 4 ; Steg at 25 m. past 4 ; Ischl quarter to 6.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—Left Ischl at half-past 8 ; Steg 10 m. to 10 ; Gosauschwang 10 m. past 10 ; left it at 10 m. past 2 ; reached Halstadt at a quarter to 3 ; left ditto at 20 m. to 5 ; Obertraun at 5 ; the Gosau mill at a quarter to 6 ; Ischl half-past 7.

Saturday, Sept. 13.—Left Ischl at 9 ; turned off beyond Lauffen 10 m. to 10 ; reached Chorinsky Klause at 10 m. to 11 ; left ditto at 20 m. to 12 ; reached the main road at half-past 12 ; Ischl quarter past 1.

Monday, Sept. 16.—Left Ischl at 11—to the turning off

on foot to the Schwartz See quarter past 12; Wolfgang at 1; left it 18 m. past 2; Ischl 7 m. to 4.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.—Left Ischl at 7; Gosauschwang at 9; Gosau 25 m. to 11; end of carriage road quarter past 11; the inn quarter past 12; left Gosau 5 m. to 3; Gosau Mill quarter past 4; Ischl 6.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.—Left Ischl 10 m. past 6; Lambach at 10 m. to 8; left it in steamer Sophia at 20 m. past 8; reached Gemünd at a quarter past 9; left it at a quarter to 10; reached the Falls at 20 m. past 11; left them at 12; Lambach 5 m. past 1; Welles 20 m. past 2; Neubau at a quarter to 4; Linz 10 m. past 5.

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Left Linz at 6; Mauthausen 10 m. past 7; Grein quarter to 9; Ips. 20 m. to 10; Gt. Pochlarn quarter past 10; Mölk at 20 to 11; Castle of Aggstein 10 m. past 11; Stein 12; Tully 5 m. past 2; Neusdorf 22 m. to 4; left Neusdorf at a quarter past 4, and reached Vienna at 5.

Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Left the Hotel E. H. Karl at 25 m. past 1; reached the Station in a quarter; left ditto at 2; Wagram at 25 m. to 3, about 13 English miles—remained 8 m.; Gausendorf 8 m. past 3—detained till 20 m. past 4; Custom-house 5 m. to 7—detained 35 m.; Presburg 10 m. past 9.

Wednesday, Sept. 25.—Left Presburg at 5; struck on sand bank at 5 m. past 7; disembarkation of passengers at 20 m. to 12; passengers reboarded, and vessel off at 8; Kl. Rodak at 25 m. past 2; put on board the Arpad, out of the Nador; got fairly off at half-past 4; Gonyő quarter to 7; left ditto at 5 m. past 7; Komorn 20 past 2; detained till 20 m. past 9; Gran quarter past 12; Pesth quarter past 4.

Friday, Sept. 27.—Left Pesth at quarter past 5 ; Foldva. 5 m. to 11 ; Paks 5 m. to 1 ; Tolna 10 m. to 4 ; Baja quarter past 7.

Saturday, Sept. 28.—Left Baja at 25 to 1 A.M. ; reached Mohács quarter to 3 ; left ditto 20 m. past 8 ; Apatin 10 to 2 P.M. ; Castle of Erdod and the Drave 20 m. past 3 ; Vukovar 20 m. past 5 ; struck on sandbank half-past 7.

Sunday, Sept. 29.—Left the sandbank at a quarter past 12 A.M. : Illok quarter past 1 ; Neusatz 4 ; left ditto quarter past 5 ; Semlin 20 m. to 12 ; left Semlin 5 m. to 2 ; struck at quarter past 3 ; started again at 6 ; Panesova quarter past 6 P.M.

Monday, Sept. 30.—Left Panesova at 5 ; Semendria quarter past 7 ; Moldava half-past 12 ; left ditto at 10 m. to 2 ; Drenkova half-past 4.

Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Left Drenkova 5 m. to 7 ; entered the rapid at 20 m. to 9 ; Veterani's Cave at 5 to 1 ; left ditto quarter past 1 ; Alt Orsova at 5 m. to 4.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.—Left Orsova at 2 ; reached the island at half-past 2 ; left ditto 25 m. to 4 ; reached the Servian shore quarter to 4 ; sketched till half-past 4 ; reached Orsova at half-past 5.

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Left Orsova for the Iron Gate at 7 ; reached the bridge across the Cernitz quarter past 7 ; delayed there till quarter to 8 ; entered Walachia at 25 m. past 8 ; stopped at the Iron Gate at 9 ; left ditto at 10 m. to 10 ; stopped to sketch at the boundary post at 25 m. past 10 ; left it at 5 m. past 11 ; reached Orsova at 12 ; left Orsova for the Baths of Mehadia at half-past 2 ; arrived there at 20 m. to 5.

Saturday, Oct. 4.—Left the baths of Mehadia quarter past 6, but not fairly off till quarter past 7 ; town of Me-

hadia quarter past 7 ; Konia 10 m. to 9 ; left ditto 20 m. past 9 ; Teregoва 5 m. to 11 ; left ditto half-past 11 ; further delays for horses ; not fairly off till half-past 12 ; Szlatica 10 m. past 2 ; left ditto at 3 ; Karansebes 20 to 5 ; left ditto at 25 m. past 6 ; Szakul 20 m. past 9 ; left ditto 5 m. to 10 ; reached Lugos at half-past 12 (midnight.)

Sunday, Oct. 6.—Left Lugos 25 m. to 8 ; Kiszeten half-past 9 ; left ditto at 10 ; Rekas at 5 past 12 ; left at 25 m. past 12 ; Temesvar quarter to 3. Hotel, the Trumpeter.

Monday, Oct. 7.—Left Temesvar at 25 m. to 7 ; Orczyfolvar at 5 m. past 9 ; Arad 22 m. past 12 ; left ditto at 25 m. to 2 ; Batonya at 5.

Tuesday, Oct. 8.—Left Batonya at 6 ; Komlos 20 m. to 9 ; left ditto 5 m. past 10 ; Oroshaza 5 m. past 11 ; left ditto 25 m. past 12 ; reached the river Korogy at a quarter to 4 ; Szentes at half-past 4 ; left ditto at 5 ; crossed the Theiss quarter to 6 ; reached Csongradt 25 m. to 6 ; left ditto 20 m. p. 8 ; reached Alpar quarter past 1.

Wednesday, Oct. 9.—Left Alpar at half-past 5 ; reached Kecskemet at 9 ; left ditto at 11 ; Laijos at 2 ; Orkeny 6 m. past 8 ; left ditto at half-past 4 ; Inaresat 6 ; Ocsa 10 m. past 7 ; Soroksar at a quarter past 9 ; Pesth quarter past 11.

Friday, Oct. 10.—Left Pesth at 8 m. to 5 ; Csaba 20 m. past 7 ; baited the horses and left ditto at 20 m. to 8 ; Neusdorf 23 m. to 10 : left ditto quarter to 10 ; Szong 5 m. past 12 ; Gonyö 20 m. to 3 ; Raab 20 m. past 4 ; Hockstrase at 25 to 6.

Saturday, Oct. 12.—Left Hockstrase 10 m. to 6 ; Weiselburg half-past 7 ; Parendorf quarter past 10 ; left ditto 20 to 11 ; Custom-house at Bruck quarter past 11 ; Stix 10 m. to 12 ; Schweenhat 10 to 2 ; Vienna 5 m. to 3.

Monday, Oct. 13.—Left Vienna at 10 m. to 7 ; Enzers-

dorf 10 m. to 8 ; Stockerau 20 m. past 9 ; Mallebern 20 m. past 10 ; Hollabrun 20 m. to 12 ; Paffendorf 20 m. to 2 ; Znaim 7 m. to 4 ; Frainersdorf 25 m. past 5 ; Budwitz 7.

Thursday, Oct. 17.—Left Budwitz at 6 ; Scheletau half-past 7 ; Staunern 25 m. past 9 ; Iglau 10 m. past 11 ; Stoken 20 m. to 1 ; Deuutschrod 5 m. past 2 ; Steindorf 25 to 4 ; Goltz Jenikau 5 m. past 5 ; Czaslau 10 m. past 6.

Friday, Oct. 18.—Left Czuasla at 7 ; Kollin quarter to 9 ; Planian 5 m. past 10 ; Böembrod 25 m. to 11 ; Biechowitz 20 m. past 1 ; Prague, 3.

Saturday, Oct. 19.—Left Prague at a quarter to 7 ; Strzedokluk quarter to 9 ; Schlau 20 m. to 11 ; Jungfern Teinitz quarter past 12 ; Lann 20 m. past 1 ; Mireschowitz quarter past 3 ; Billin quarter to 4 ; Toplitz 5.

Monday, Oct. 21.—Left Toplitz at a quarter past 9 ; Arbersau half-past 10 ; Peterswald 20 m. past 12 ; Pirna 25 m. to 3, and Dresden at half-past 4.

Thursday, Oct. 24.—Left Dresden at 6 m. past 2 ; tunnel at Oberau 3 ; Pristewitz 18 m. past 3 ; crossed the Elbe at 8 m. to 4 ; Oschatz 25 m. past 4—stayed here 12 m. ; Dahlen 5 ; Wurtzen half-past 5—stayed 18 m. ; Leipsig at half-past 6.

Friday, Oct. 25.—Left Leipsig at half-past 6—baited the horses for a quarter at 8 m. to 8 : Merseburg at half-past 9 ; Schaftstadt quarter past 11 ; left ditto at 20 m. to 12 ; Querfurt quarter to 1 ; Altstœt 5 m. to 3 ; Sangershausen quarter to 4 ; Rossla 5 ; Nordhausen 10 m. to 7.

Saturday, Oct. 26.—Left Nordhaussen at a quarter past 6 ; Wulfingerode quarter past 8 ; Heilegestadt quarter to 11 ; Witzenhausen 1 ; Helsa 20 m. to 4 ; Cassel quarter past 5.

Monday, Oct. 28.—Left Cassel at 6 ; Westuffeln 8 ; Folk-

mar 10 ; Arolsen 5 m. past 11; Bredelar 10 m. past 1 ; Brillon 20 m. to 3 ; Mesehede 5 m. to 5 ; Arensberg 7.

Tuesday, Oct. 29.—Left Arensberg at 25 m. past 6 ; Wimbern 8 ; Iserlohn quarter to 10 : Hagen 25 m. past 11 ; Schwelm 1 ; Elberfeld 2 ; Mittman half-past 3 ; Lüsseldorf 5.—Hotel Breitenbaeker.

Wednesday, Oct. 30.—Left Dusseldorf quarter past 6 , reached flying bridge at 25 m. to 7 ; across at 10 m. to ; Neusdorf 5 m. past 7 ; Furth half-past 8 ; Juliers quarter to 11 ; Aix-la-Chapelle 25 m. to 2 ; the Custom-house half-past 3 ; Battice 25 m. past 4 ; Liege 20 m. to 7.

Thursday, Oct. 31.—Left the Pav. Anglaise at 18 m. to 7 ; reached the railway station at 22 m. past 7—train started by sound of trumpet at half-past 8—1st stop quarter to 9 ; Varum 9—stayed 8 m. ; Lauden half-past 9—stayed 8 m. ; Tirelemont 10—stayed 5 m. ; Vertryk 18 m. past 10 : Louvain 25 m. to 11—stayed 10 m. ; Høght 5 m. past 11 ; Meehlin quarter past 11 ; left ditto at 8 m. to 12 ; Maldres 24 m. past 12 ; Dendermonde 22 m. to 1—staid 8 m. ; Bridge at Alost 8 m. to 1 ; Wiehlen 5 m. past 1 ; Watre quarter past 1 ; Melle 25 m. past 1 ; Ghent at 20 m. to 2 ; left Ghent with post horses at 3 ; Eccloo 25 m. to 3 Bruges quarter past 7.

Friday, Nov. 2.—Left Bruges at half-past 6 ; Ghistel 20 m. past 8 ; Furnes 11 ; Dunkerque 25 m. past 1 ; Gravelline 3 ; Calais half-past 5.

Saturday, Nov. 2.—Left Calais at 20 m. past 7 ; reached Dover at 20 m. p. 10 ; left Dover at half-past 12 ; Hythe at 2 ; Ashford 20 m. past 3 ; Lenham 25 m. past 4 ; Maidstone 25 m. past 5 ; Wrotham half-past 6 ; Riverhead half-past 7 ; Godstone 9, and Gatton Park at 10 o'clock.







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